

# The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

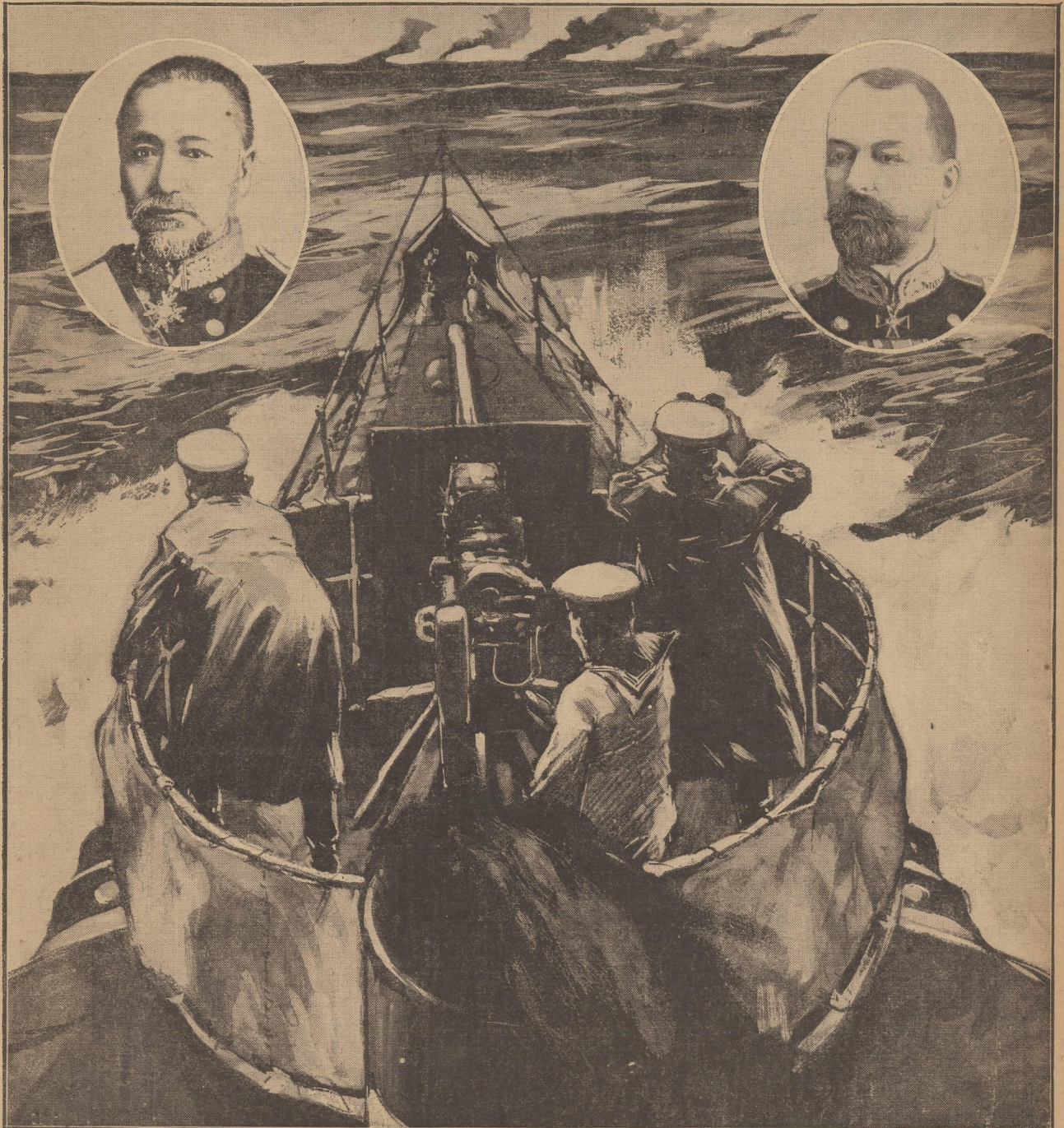
No. 461.

Registered at the G. P. O.  
as a Newspaper.

TUESDAY, APRIL 25, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

## TOGO'S SEA SCOUTS TRACKING THE RUSSIAN FLEET.



The Russian fleet has at last left its harbourage at Kamranh Bay, and news of a naval fight in the Far East may be expected at any moment. Togo's ubiquitous cruisers and swift destroyers are constantly in touch with the Russian fleet, though beyond the range of its guns, and keep the Japanese Admiral fully informed as to the movements of Rojestvensky's armada. Portraits of the rival Admirals will be seen at the top of the picture—Togo on the left and Rojestvensky on the right.



## BIRTHS.

GEE.—On the 20th inst., at 73, Kensington-gardens-square, W., the wife of Major Frederick William Gee, L.M.S., 5th Cavalry, of a son.  
 BEECH.—On the 22nd inst., at 2, Hocking-street, Rotherhithe, S.E., the wife of William Beech, of a son.

## MARRIAGES.

DODDIDGE—GARRETT.—On April 19, at St. Peter's Church, Brockley, by the Rev. C. H. Grundy, Fred John, youngest son of Alfred J. Doddridge, of Silverthorne, Lewisham, High-road, to Daisy Geraldine, niece and adopted daughter of John William Buckhurst, of 1, Crescent-road, Brockley.  
 CALVERT—KNIGHT.—On the 19th inst., at the Congregational Church, Crouch End, by Rev. Alf Rowland, D.D., Harry Schofield, second son of the late Rev. Matthew Galbraith, M.A. of Aberdeen, to Mand Evelyn, youngest surviving daughter of Francis Knight, of Oakdene, Eidge-avenue, Crouch End.

## DEATHS.

GRAVES.—On April 23, at 17, Cleveland-gardens, W., Arthur Hilton Graves, third surviving son of the late Arthur Graves, Esq., of Dorker, Oldham, and Hangleton, Nantwich, aged 37.  
 SIBBALD.—On the 20th inst., at 18, Great King-street, Edinburgh, Sir John Sibbald, M.D., F.R.C.P.E., late Commissioner in Lunacy for Scotland, aged 72.  
 SKILBECK.—On Good Friday, at Nelson, Surbiton-hill, William Skilbeck, formerly of 81, Kensington-gardens-square, W., and Bedford-row, in his 95th year.

## PERSONAL.

MIMI.—Have you no message? That a word.—GERALD. "MOUSIE."—Write "E." 56, Southampton-road, Havering Hill.  
 THE "Daily Mirror" will be forwarded post free daily for 6d. a week to any address in the United Kingdom.—Address "The Publisher," 12, White-church-st., London, E.C.  
 MISSING.—Should this reach the eye of anyone who wishes to reach a friend or relative, who has disappeared abroad in the Colonies, or in the United States, let him advise in the "Over-Sea Daily Mail" which reaches every town in the world where there is an English-speaking person is to be found. Specimen copy and terms on application to Advertising Department, "Over-Sea Daily Mail," 5, Carmelite House, Temple, London, E.C.  
 \* \* \* The above advertisements are received up to 4 p.m. and are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d. and 2d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 4s. and 6d. per word after. Address Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 15, White-church-st., London.

## THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

**DELPHI.**—Lessee and Manager, Otto Stuart.  
 A EVERY EVENING at 8 o'clock, HAMLET, H. B. Irving, Oscar Asche, Lily Bratton, etc. HAMLET Matinee Saturday at 2. THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. Matinee Every Wed. at 2. Tel. 8846 Gerrard.  
**HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—MR. TREE.  
 SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL WEEK.  
 TO-NIGHT (Tuesday), at 8.30.  
 THE WIDOW WIVES OF WINDSOR.  
 TO-MORROW (Wednesday), at 2, RICHARD II.; at 8.15, TWELFTH NIGHT. Thursday, HAMLET. Friday, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. Saturday Matinee, JULIUS CÆSAR. Saturday Evening, JULIUS CÆSAR.  
 MONDAY, May 1st (one week only), JULIUS CÆSAR.  
 SPECIAL MATINEE, Saturday, May 6, HAMLET.  
 Box Office (Mr. Watts) open 10 to 10.

## THEATRES and MUSIC-HALLS.

IMPERIAL. Mr. LEWIS WALLER.

TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

MUSIC: GOUNOD'S ROMEO ET JULIETTE.

MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 2.

ST. JAMES'S.—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER  
 will make his reappearance on MONDAY NEXT, May 1st, in a new play, entitled  
 JOHN CHILCOTE, M.P.  
 Adapted from the story of Katherine Cecil Thurston  
 by E. Temple Thurston.  
 John Chilcote ..... Mr. GEORGE  
 John Loder ..... Mr. for Work ..... ALEXANDER.  
 Box Office open daily, 10 to 5.—ST. JAMES'S.

THE COLISEUM, Charing Cross.  
 FOUR PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 12 noon, 2 o'clock, 5 o'clock, and 9 o'clock. TWO ALTERNATE PROGRAMMES. All seats in all parts are reserved and reserved. Stamped and addressed envelopes should accompany all postal applications for seats. Telephone Nos. 7689 and 7690.  
 Gerard for Boxes, 42 2s. and 41 1s. 5s. 4s. 3s. and 2s. seats, and 7699 Gerard for 1s. and 6d. seats. Children under 12 half-price to all seats.

THE LYCEUM, HIGH-CLASS VARIETIES.  
 TWICE NIGHTLY, 6.30 and 9. Matinee Wed. and Sat. 2.30. Popular prices. Children half-price.  
 Managing Director—THOMAS BARRSFORD.

## AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, Etc.

CRYSTAL PALACE. TO-DAY.  
 Continuation of the Great Easter Holiday Programme.  
 GREAT ROMAN ANIMAL CAMP.  
 The most complete village ever brought to England.  
 OAF CHANTANT. 2.30 and 8.0.  
 Company of Star Artists.  
 MILITARY TOURNAMENT. 4.0 and 8.0.  
 Picked men from the British Cavalry.  
 MILITARY BAND and NUMEROUS OTHER ATTRACTIONS.

QUEEN'S HALL.  
 TO-DAY (Tuesday), at 3 and 8.  
 Following Afternoon and Evenings.  
 THIS WEEK ONLY.

SOUSA and HIS BAND.  
 FAREWELL OF THE CELEBRATED AMERICAN BAND.

QUEEN'S HALL TO-DAY (Tuesday).  
 SPECIAL NOTICE.  
 Avoid crush at doors, and buy your 1s. and 2s. tickets in advance at 20, Gerrard-street, W. only. Reserved seats, 3s. and 5s. at all Libraries; Chappell's Booking Office, Queen's Hall, and at Sousa's Office, 26, Gerrard-street, W. Telephone, 7,333 Gerrard.  
 PHILIP YORKE, Managing Director.

ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS, "HENGELER'S."  
 OXFORD CIRCUS, W. Daily at 2 and 8.  
 THE PINCEST ENTERTAINMENT in the World as given before the KING and QUEEN and the ROYAL FAMILY at Buckingham Palace. Over 200 performing animals.  
 GRAND HOLIDAY PROGRAMME.  
 NEW ACTS and FRESH NOVELTIES.  
 Popular prices and children half-price to all parts at all performances. Box-office 10 to 10. Tel. 4138 Gerrard.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.—ADMISSION SIXPENCE DAILY from April 24th to 27th inclusive.

THE "ACME" LEVER 25/-

THE "ACME" LEVER WATCH 25/-

Over 2 millions in daily wear. Strongly constructed, with fine lever movement, in Solid Silver (stamped) Cases. Perfected by many exclusive Royal Patents, and fully warranted for 5 years. A valuable FREE GIFT OF A BOX OF SOME ALBERT accompanies every 'Acme'. See Coupon in Free Bargain Book.

SELECT YOUR FREE PRIZE

You are invited to share at once in H. SAMUEL'S unique FREE BONUS PRIZE DISTRIBUTION, full particulars of which are set forth in the splendid new edition of his

FREE BOOK OF BARGAINS

This Free Guide to substantial savings affords an opportunity for every reader to enjoy the advantages of buying direct at factory prices and to select, when purchasing, from the world's finest productions in

DIAMONDS, RINGS, WATCHES, BROOCHES, PLATED GOODS, CUTLERY, SILVERWARE, &c.

By adopting H. SAMUEL'S money-saving book as your selected values shown here.

A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL of any article and will be entitled to share in the GREAT FREE PRIZE DISTRIBUTION for direct buyers. There are no blanks in this generous prize scheme, and the offer extends equally to the specially selected values shown here.

A POSTCARD REQUEST FOR BARGAIN BOOK CONFERS ON YOU ALL THE BENEFITS INSEPARABLE FROM DIRECT BUYING, AND ENSURES YOU BIG SAVINGS IN FUTURE. WRITE FOR THIS VALUABLE BOOK TO-DAY.

H. SAMUEL, No. 83, Market St., MANCHESTER.

London: 92, Oxford St., W.; 178, Strand, W.C.; 40-5, Fovis St., Woolwich; 22, Broadway, Stratford; 16, North End, Croydon.



## AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, Etc.

POLYTECHNIC, REGENT-STREET, DAILY, at 3. OUR NAVY AND OUR ARMY.

GRAND ATTRACTION FOR EASTER HOLIDAYS.  
 LAST TWO WEEKS.  
 Cadet Corps' Field Day at Aldershot.  
 ETON, HARROW, WINCHESTER, WESTMINSTER, MARLBOROUGH, CHARTERHOUSE, etc.  
 Other new scenes of stirring interest.  
 Prices 1s. 2s. 3s. 4s. 5s. Children half-price.

THE CHARGING CROSS BANK. Est 1870  
 119 and 120, Bishopsgate-street, W. C. London  
 and 28 Bedford-street, Charing Cross, W. C.  
 Branches at Manchester, Liverpool, Bradford, Leeds, Bristol, Birmingham, Cardiff, and Sheffield.  
 Assets £424,403. Liabilities £424,291. Surplus £232,112.  
 24 per cent. allowed on current account balances. Deposits of £10 or upwards received at under 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 per cent. per ann.  
 Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly. The Terminal Deposit Bonds pay nearly 9 per cent. and are a safe investment. Write or call for prospectus.  
 A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

## MARKETING BY POST.

FISH.—Choice live fish cleaned for cooking; carriage paid: 7lb. 2s. 10lb. 2s. 6d. 12lb. 2s. 6d. 14lb. 2s. 6d. 16lb. 2s. 6d. 18lb. 2s. 6d. 20lb. 2s. 6d. 22lb. 2s. 6d. 24lb. 2s. 6d. 26lb. 2s. 6d. 28lb. 2s. 6d. 30lb. 2s. 6d. 32lb. 2s. 6d. 34lb. 2s. 6d. 36lb. 2s. 6d. 38lb. 2s. 6d. 40lb. 2s. 6d. 42lb. 2s. 6d. 44lb. 2s. 6d. 46lb. 2s. 6d. 48lb. 2s. 6d. 50lb. 2s. 6d. 52lb. 2s. 6d. 54lb. 2s. 6d. 56lb. 2s. 6d. 58lb. 2s. 6d. 60lb. 2s. 6d. 62lb. 2s. 6d. 64lb. 2s. 6d. 66lb. 2s. 6d. 68lb. 2s. 6d. 70lb. 2s. 6d. 72lb. 2s. 6d. 74lb. 2s. 6d. 76lb. 2s. 6d. 78lb. 2s. 6d. 80lb. 2s. 6d. 82lb. 2s. 6d. 84lb. 2s. 6d. 86lb. 2s. 6d. 88lb. 2s. 6d. 90lb. 2s. 6d. 92lb. 2s. 6d. 94lb. 2s. 6d. 96lb. 2s. 6d. 98lb. 2s. 6d. 100lb. 2s. 6d. 102lb. 2s. 6d. 104lb. 2s. 6d. 106lb. 2s. 6d. 108lb. 2s. 6d. 110lb. 2s. 6d. 112lb. 2s. 6d. 114lb. 2s. 6d. 116lb. 2s. 6d. 118lb. 2s. 6d. 120lb. 2s. 6d. 122lb. 2s. 6d. 124lb. 2s. 6d. 126lb. 2s. 6d. 128lb. 2s. 6d. 130lb. 2s. 6d. 132lb. 2s. 6d. 134lb. 2s. 6d. 136lb. 2s. 6d. 138lb. 2s. 6d. 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## KING EDWARD AND FRANCE.

His Majesty's Tactful Farewell  
Words to Algeria.

### KAISER REBUKED.

Significant Little Speech That Will  
Be Much Discussed.

"My nephew (the Kaiser) spent two hours at Tangier. I have stayed a week in Algeria—that is to say, in France. I am very happy to have done so."

So, according to a Central News telegram, said King Edward when he was taking leave of the authorities on his departure from Bougie. The story comes from an Algiers correspondent of the "Journal," an officer of ordnance, who was on the quay when King Edward was embarking.

The words, says the officer, were spoken quite distinctly before the Governor, and their significance escaped none.

If this story is true, as appears probable, his Majesty has again achieved a victory of tact. The Kaiser, on his visit to Tangier, went out of his way to offend French susceptibilities. Without doing any distinct service to German interests, he placed himself in the light of a determined opponent of the legitimate ambitions of the Republic in Morocco. Incidentally, no doubt, the aim of this line of policy was to create divisions between France and England. With a few simple words, combined with tactful deeds, King Edward has made it quite plain to France that English sympathies remain with her unchanged, and has administered a quiet and dignified rebuke to his masterful nephew.

### THE KING'S RETURN.

PHILIPPEVILLE, Monday.—The royal yacht Victoria and Albert, with the British royal party on board, will sail this evening for Sardinia.

King Edward has sent word to London and Paris that he will arrive at Marseilles on the morning of the 29th inst., so as to be in Paris at half-past nine on the evening of that day.—Reuter.

King Edward will open the Royal Naval and Military Tournament on May 25.

### LITTLE PRINCESS POLITICIANS.

An amusing story is related concerning the little daughters of the King and Queen of the Netherlands. The little Princesses Yolanda and Mafalda have made their first entrance into politics (says the Rome correspondent of the "Pall Mall Gazette"), declaring vehemently against the railway strike.

They had been promised to go to North Italy for Easter, where, as it happens, they have a pet dog, and although, of course, the King could have a train made up for them, it was thought more prudent to keep the children in Rome. Hence they are much disappointed and disgusted with the cause of their loss of holiday.

### ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD HERO.

Plucky Boy Who Tried In Vain To Save His  
Sister's Life.

An eleven-year-old boy, named Fisher, made a plucky attempt to save his little sister from death by fire at Burslem, Staffordshire, yesterday, but unfortunately his efforts proved of no avail.

His parents had left him in the house in charge of his younger sister, and while he was answering a knock at the door he heard the little girl screaming.

Rushing back, he found her in flames, her clothes having taken alight at the fire. The little fellow clasped her in his arms, and screamed loudly for help, while he vainly attempted to crush out the flames.

Neighbours quickly appeared, but the little girl died a few hours later.

### MILLIONS SENT HOME BY ALIENS.

That Austro-Hungarians leave their country for their country's good is strikingly illustrated by a return just made by the banks.

From this it is shown that last year emigrants to the United States from Austria and Hungary sent to their relatives at home between eight and nine millions sterling, marking a steady increase from 1901, when the amount was £5,400,000.

Father Gowap, a French Benedictine monk, was found dead in bed yesterday morning at St. David's Priory, Swansea. An escape of gas in his room is believed to have caused his death.

## FLEETS IN TOUCH.

Rojestvensky Hugging Coast as He  
Steams Northwards.

With the departure from Kamranh Bay of Rojestvensky's fleet of sixty-two ships the date of the coming naval battle draws appreciably nearer.

In the ordinary course it cannot now be long delayed. The scouts of the rival fleets are practically in touch.

There are reports, unconfirmed, but not incredible, of heavy firing heard off the coast of Annam, giving the impression that news of a decisive battle may burst upon the world with dramatic suddenness at any hour.

The Baltic Fleet is said to be steaming northwards close to the Annam coast, no doubt refreshed and replenished by its stay in the shelter of Kamranh Bay.

A Reuter message from New York states that a dispatch has been received from Manila to the effect that three warships have been seen off Corregidor Island. They are supposed to be a Japanese squadron under Admiral Nishino.

The latest reports from Saigon, through Reuter's agency, make mention of a fisherman having seen twenty warships off Ha-Trang, which he could not identify.

It is supposed that Admiral Rojestvensky will make every effort to join Negogloff before giving Tokyo notice.

Nothing has been positively seen or heard of Togo for many days, and the general idea is that the Japanese admiral is awaiting his enemy in the neighbourhood of Formosa.

Rojestvensky still suffers from his stomachic complaint.

### ENGLAND'S GOOD OFFICES.

TOKIO, Monday.—The "Kokumin" to-day expresses the opinion that the friendly solution of the Kamranh episode is due in some degree to the good offices of England.

The journal says that another proof of the efficacy of the Anglo-Japanese alliance has been given, and sincerely hopes that in the interests of the peace of the world the compact will be renewed.—Reuter.

### JAPANESE GARDEN-PARTY.

TOKIO, Monday.—The annual cherry garden-party was held in the Hama Park to-day.

The Emperor, who was slightly indisposed, did not attend, but the Empress, assisted by the Imperial Princes and Princesses, acted as hostess.

There were 1,200 guests, including many foreigners.—Reuter.

### STOESSEL NOT TO BLAME.

According to a telegram from St. Petersburg the Commission of Inquiry regarding the surrender of Port Arthur has exonerated General Stoessel from all blame.

It is reported, however, that the conclusions arrived at are very severe on Admiral Alexieff and General Kuropatkin.

### PEASANT INSURRECTION.

Imperial Decree Issued in View of Expected  
Rising in Russia.

Russia's interior troubles show no signs of passing. On the contrary, they appear to be on the eve of spreading to greater proportions than ever.

In order to impress upon the rural population that private property is inviolable, says a Reuter dispatch from St. Petersburg, and that any attack upon the property of others will be most severely punished, an Imperial decree has been issued authorising the Minister of the Interior to appoint provisional Commissions, presided over by the district marshals, and consisting of the presidents of district rural offices, rural headmen, district commissaries, and tax inspectors, with the addition of one or two Zemstvo delegates.

The duty of these Commissions shall be to fix the amount of material loss caused by the disturbances, and to collect compensation from all members of village communities implicated in the disturbances.

### ST. PETERSBURG SCHOOLS CLOSED.

Large bodies of infantry are marching through the streets of St. Petersburg with colours flying and music playing.

The people are looking on with foreboding of coming disaster. Several Government boarding-schools have been ordered to close until September, and the parents have been requested to remove the children.

The reason given for this action is that the buildings are required for military purposes.

According to letters in the St. Petersburg "Russ," the situation in Poland is becoming very dangerous. The population is in despair, and ugly threats are made by the Socialists and Terrorists.—Exchange.

### 20,000 BAKERS ON STRIKE.

Moscow, Monday.—There are now 20,000 journeymen bakers on strike here.

The consequent rise in the price of bread causes great hardship, particularly among the poorer classes.—Reuter.

## BOAT DISASTERS.

Father Perishes with Two Sons—  
Wrecks Off Breton Coast.

### DROWNED IN A CART.

The holidays have not been allowed to pass without the usual melancholy roll of fatalities at sea.

Under poignantly pathetic circumstances a father and his two sons lost their lives in a boating disaster on Belfast Lough.

The tragedy was watched from the shore by a young man named Lavery.

He saw a tiny boat heeling over dangerously at every squall. There was a heavy sea running, and every moment the little craft looked like being overwhelmed.

At last a fierce gust than ever struck it; the next instant the water rushed in a great wave over the gunwale, and the boat was floating bottom upwards.

The victims are a Mr. Robb, of Belfast, and his two sons.

Three Greenwich youths, named respectively Holmes, Peared, and Watson, were boating on the Thames, at Limehouse, yesterday when Holmes, in changing seats, overbalanced himself, fell in the water, and was drowned.

### PILES OF WRECKAGE.

A young man named Robert Hunter was rowing across the Shields Harbour yesterday, when he fell overboard and immediately was drowned.

Several disasters (says Reuter) are reported off the Breton coast.

Pieces of wreckage from British ships have been picked up, including a buoy marked Columba, Cardiff.

The semaphore men are searching the coast for bodies.

A pilot cutter at Falmouth was yesterday sunk by a steamer, but her crew were saved.

A curious accident is reported from Ramsay, Huntingdonshire.

A horse drawing a cart containing William Whitwell and Henry Freshier, backed to the edge of the river-bank and toppled over into the water.

Before assistance could arrive both men and the horse were drowned.

### BIG LANDSLIP ON A MAIN ROAD.

Early yesterday morning there was a tremendous landslide at Wellington, on the main road leading to Northampton.

A huge portion of the bank by the side of the old Toll Gate hill fell a distance of fifty feet.

### BODY IN A SACK.

Austrian Married Couple Charged with an  
Atrocious Crime.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

VIENNA, Monday.—To-morrow will witness the opening of one of the most sensational murder trials in the history of Vienna.

A married couple, Heinrich and Francisca Klein, are charged with the murder of a wealthy old man named Johann Skykova.

Possessing great beauty, and desiring a husband, Francisca advertised for one, saying she had a handsome dowry.

Heinrich, after marrying her, found she had no money, and the woman, afraid of losing him, promised to obtain some. She enticed Skykova to her house, strangled him while he slept, chopped the body up, and hid it in a sack.

She first confessed to committing the crime herself, but now she accuses her husband of being the chief criminal.

### HORSE'S REVENGE.

Quadruped Shows Itself Almost Human in Its  
Desire to Retaliate.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Monday.—A curious instance of revenge on the part of an animal took place in the Rue Chauchat to-day.

A dray-horse, driven by one Georges Peyber, fell down. When the driver tried to make it rise, the animal caught the man's arm in its mouth, and bit it so fiercely that policemen had to beat it about the head with their swords in order to force it to release the driver, whose shrieks had attracted them.

### POSTAL CLERKS "LIVING WAGE."

At the annual conference of the United Kingdom Postal Clerks' Association at Reading yesterday, a resolution was passed demanding the Bradford Committee's recommendations as the minimum concession.

Several delegates expressed their determination to fight until concessions were granted which would give all postal workers a living wage.

## SACRIFICE OF THE INNOCENTS.

Children Killed by Seekers After  
Elixir of Life.

### GHASTLY SUPERSTITION.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

MOSCOW, Friday.—A dreadful story of crimes that eclipse the iniquities of the notorious Mrs. Dyer—horrors the imagination of an Allan Poe or De Sade never surpassed—comes from the village of Dubovo, on the Don.

Six months ago two women of gigantic stature took a furnished house in the main street, and ever since their movements have been exceedingly mysterious. They were seldom seen in the daytime, but occasionally a belated wayfarer met them striding along the country roads at night.

On Christmas Day the little four-year-old daughter of the village blacksmith, a man named Petrokoff, disappeared while carrying her father's midday meal to the forge. The child was a general favourite, and the whole village turned out and scoured the country, but in vain.

Five days later the baby daughter of the starosta, or innkeeper, vanished from her home during the momentary absence of her mother. Nothing more was heard of the infant, and again there was no clue to the mystery.

On February 4 the twin children of a widow named Lerin went to slide on a pond about a mile from the village. They did not return, and search revealed a great hole in the thick ice. The superstitious declared that the devil was abroad, for there seemed no possibility of the hole having been made by natural means, and the theory that the little girls had fallen through was disproved by the absence of their bodies when the pond was dragged.

### "DUBOVO THE DAMNED."

During the month of March five more children vanished unaccountably. The terrifying news spread, and the village was shunned by the peasants of the surrounding country, and called "Dubovo The Damned."

Yesterday the horrible mystery was explained. Screams were heard to come from the home of the two women. Suddenly the door flew open, and the viragos, locked in each other's arms, bleeding and dishevelled, struggled out into the road. They fought desperately, and both appeared to be the worse for vodka. Eight strong labourers carried them, clawing and screaming like furies, to the village police station.

A caretaker was thereupon sent to their house in the main street. A few minutes later she was seen running down the road, gibbering in a paroxysm of fear.

A crowd of villagers thronged into the mysterious house. In the cellar they discovered a long table, furnished with clamps and straps. Surgical knives protruded from a cabinet on the wall, and rows of bottles filled the shelves, which entirely covered one end of the room. Further search revealed the body of a baby girl, who had disappeared eight days before.

### CHILD LIFE CHEAP IN COMPARISON.

The two fiends in female form admitted at the police station had come to the village purposely to prosecute scientific research. They belonged to a secret society which had for its main object the discovery of the Elixir of Life. According to their theory child life was cheap in comparison with the importance of their investigations.

A village council was called, and it was decided to lynch the disciples of human vivisection at noon to-day. The women were stripped and fastened by strong chains to an iron bar in the wall of their cell. At daybreak this morning it was found that they had escaped in the clothes of their gaolers, both of whom, though powerful peasants, had had their heads battered in and their throats cut, and were dead. The police are searching Russia for these revolting criminals.

### MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Ceylon's pearl fishery season, just ended, realised £150,000, the largest receipts on record.

Five hundred men and boys employed at Messrs. R. Thomas and Co.'s new coalpit, at Lydbrook (Gloucester), have come out on strike against new conditions of work.

Foul play is suspected in the case of a flour-miller named Dorritt, whose body was found on the sea beach at Kirkcaldy yesterday. Blood was flowing from a wound in his head.

Religious silence prevailed at a demonstration of 10,000 people in Madrid in memory of the victims of the great reservoir disaster. Five cars, covered with wreaths, were in the procession.

### TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: North-west; breezy, generally fair or fine; a few local showers; rather warmer.

Lighting-up time, 8.11 p.m.

Sea passages will be moderate to smooth generally.



## MOTHER LOSES LIFE FOR HER CHILD.

Tragic Drama of a Crowded  
London Street.

### VICTIM'S PRESENTIMENT.

Once more the "Teuf-teuf" of the motor-vehicle has been the knell summoning an unfortunate human being from the fulness of life to the shadow of the tomb.

The prosaic surroundings of the Streatham High-road formed the setting for as pathetic a tragic drama as has been played on the stage of real life for some time past.

Mrs. Emma Brand, a poor woman, living at Amesbury-avenue, Streatham, sacrificed her life in a heroic effort to save that of her little nine-year-old daughter.

It was about seven in the evening that the mother and child started to cross the busy, traffic-crowded street. They were just passing in front of an electric car when a cart suddenly made its appearance on the further side of the car, going in the same direction. Finding it impossible to get through, the mother, catching her child by the arm, attempted to retrace her steps.

In a moment a motor-cycle, which had come up unperceived, was upon her.

### First Thought for Her Child.

Thinking first of the child, she made a desperate attempt to get it out of harm's way, and in this she succeeded. Both were knocked down, but the child was little hurt. The mother, on the other hand, struck her head against the curb, and was rendered insensible. Both were taken into a doctor's hard by, and Mrs. Brand recovered consciousness sufficiently to thank the doctor for his attention. But soon insensibility came on her again, and she died early the following morning.

The unfortunate husband and father was overwhelmed with the disaster that had desolated his home. He and his wife had struggled for some time past against adversity through business troubles, but matters had begun to improve when this new and crushing blow put the seal on his misfortunes.

### Curious Presentiment.

It is curious that the dead woman had always a presentiment that she would meet her end either by a motor or the bite of a dog. "It was a curious feeling of hers," said the husband to the *Daily Mirror*. "If ever I die suddenly," she once said to me, "it will be coming run over by a motor or bitten by a mad dog."

Mr. Schaufelberger, who was driving the motor-bicycle, says he was riding only about eight miles an hour at the time, and sounded his horn loudly. After the woman had crossed over she seemed suddenly to lose her head. She doubled back, and in spite of his endeavours to avoid her, practically ran straight into his machine.

### SPANISH CHAUFFEUR CHARGED.

At Hemel Hempstead Police Court yesterday Rocco Cornabas, a Spanish chauffeur, was charged with causing the death of Willie Clifton, at Markyate, with a motor-car driven by him on Tuesday last.

Superintendent Frogley stated that accused would be defended and several witnesses would be called for the prosecution.

Cornabas was remanded until Saturday, bail being refused.

### SKETCHING DE LUXE.

Lady Makes a Picture of St. Paul's from Her Carriage in Fleet-street.

All unconcerned by the good-natured banter of pedestrians and omnibus drivers, a young lady sat for half an hour in her carriage yesterday opposite the entrance to Wine Office-court, Fleet-street, making a sketch of St. Paul's and the fine vista up Ludgate-hill.

A lady companion silently watched the painter at work.

The unknown lady artist worked very quickly, and ere long casual critics passing, catching a glimpse of the sketch, exclaimed, "Excellent!"

In little over thirty minutes the work of art was completed, and the coachman, obeying the order, "Home, John!" turned westwards.

Such an incident as this could only occur on a Sunday on Bank Holiday when Fleet-street is comparatively deserted.

### "DOG IN THE MANGER"

George Redmond, a young Barking labourer, not only stole £6 from Lizzie Read, a confectioner, of Barking, but he threw the money into the lake in the recreation ground.

Asked at Stratford Police Court yesterday why he did this, he replied, "So that the money should not be found on me."

The Magistrate: A most heartless thing to do. Three months' hard labour.

## SISTER RECLUSES.

Strange Life History of Old Maids in a  
Barricaded Cottage.

Within two miles of Canterbury there stands on the Whitstable road a cottage, which for the past five years has been the scene of a peculiar life history.

During this time it has been occupied by two sisters named Browning—Annie, aged fifty, and Caroline, who is three years younger.

Both of them were of weak intellect, and the life they led was a remarkable one.

Annie's madness arose from an early love disappointment, since which she has developed an intense hatred of men.

She fancied they came down the chimney and up through the floor, and, consequently, she had the fireplace removed, the chimney stopped, the doors nailed, the windows barricaded, and the garden surrounded by entanglements of netting.

Tradesmen and postmen had a difficulty to get near the place.

For the past two years Caroline has not been to bed, and wandered the lanes all night.

At one time the sisters kept many dogs, cats, monkeys, and pigeons, but the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals intervened.

Curiously enough, the place was filled with books, plate, and jewellery.

The sisters have now been removed to Chatham Asylum.

## MANY WEDDINGS.

Week Between Lent and May Crowded with  
Bridal Ceremonies.

Marriage bells are ringing throughout the length and breadth of Great and Greater Britain this week.

People will not be married in Lent, neither will they be married in May, consequently every day of this week, except Friday, which is also to be avoided, will be crowded with weddings.

Large house parties and pretty country weddings are the order of the day, and with the countryside all decked in its new spring garb no better place could be chosen.

At St. Clement's Church, Powderham, near Exeter, Captain George Thompson will to-day marry Miss Leile Eveleyn Bradshaw, half-sister of Viscount Exmouth.

To-morrow at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, there will be a large and fashionable gathering to witness the nuptials of Lord Herbert Douglas Scott, of the Irish Guards, and Miss Marie Edwards, of Dovercourt, Essex. The bridegroom is the son of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch. Elviam will be the scene of a pretty wedding on Thursday, when the Hon. Dorothy Calthorpe will be married to the Earl of Malmsbury.

## SCOTCH KIRK DISPUTE.

Oliver Branch Proffered Which May Lead to  
an Amicable Settlement.

Those who are anxious for an amicable settlement of the Scotch Church dispute are hoping that the incident of the letter which got into the wrong hands last week may lead to peace.

Although Mr. Hay Thorburn, of the Free Church, is not satisfied with the explanations given, he has written to Principal Cairns, who it will be remembered, publicly read a copy of Mr. Thorburn's letter, which was not intended for publication.

In this last episode Mr. Thorburn says: "I would fain hope that even at the eleventh hour your attention might be turned to a reconstructive line of policy, under which present scandals would cease, and a brighter and happier day dawn for your beloved Church and country."

The committee of the United Free Church are now considering this letter.

## MYSTERY OF THE HIGHWAY.

The Sandbach police are investigating the circumstances of an alleged mysterious robbery. A farmer and his wife were returning from Crewe Cattle Market. The woman had over £40 in her possession.

She states that between Elworth and her home two strangers accosted her, and when she got home her purse was gone.

Early the following morning she found the purse on the highway. About £20 in gold was missing, but £20 in banknotes remained.

## HIS CONSTANT COMPANION.

The body of Jeffery A. Harris, who has recently lived at Watford, but has been missing for two or three weeks, was found in the river at Oxford.

There was nothing to show how he met with his death, and yesterday an Oxford jury returned a verdict of Found drowned.

A peculiar feature of the case is that Harris's dog, which was his constant companion, has been missing since its master disappeared.

## FINEST EASTER FOR MANY YEARS.

Sunshine Tempers the Cold Wind  
and Rain Holds Off.

### LONDON OUT-OF-DOORS.

By contrast with its immediate forerunners Easter Monday was pronounced quite a fine day.

The sun shone cheerfully, and though the wind was cold, not a drop of rain marred the enjoyment of the holiday-makers. The apparent result of this bright ending of a rather dreary Easter was to bring people out-of-doors in larger numbers than have been seen on Easter Monday for some years.

Statistics of traffic supplied by the railway companies give the impression of a record holiday crowd.

The number of visitors to London is estimated at between 80,000 and 100,000, and it is probable that a still greater number of excursionists were carried out of the metropolis to pleasure resorts within easy reach.

Yesterday the ordinary traffic from Waterloo Station was supplemented by no fewer than 110 special trains. From Fenchurch-street 19 specials were dispatched to Southend alone, while over 6,000 were carried to the same resort from St. Pancras and stations on the Metropolitan and District lines.

The Great Western traffic returns for the holidays show that 149,364 passengers travelled by their lines, as against 127,200 last year, a very remarkable increase.

Entertainment for All.

Large as the crowds were, there was entertainment and to spare for all.

The van horse parade drew immense crowds to Regent's Park, and the 224 fine animals that competed certainly were worth going a long way to see.

The first prize was won by a horse exhibited by Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, while Messrs. Scott and Co., of Old Bond-street, took second honours.

A visit to the Zoo and Madame Tussaud's proved the strength of the country invasion, and, judging from the speech of many sightseers, the North-country has sent an exceptionally strong contingent to London this Easter.

Crystal Palace was like a fair all day, and every amusement provided had thousands of joyous devotees. Even the lake was thronged with pleasure-boats, whose occupants laughed and sang in defiance of the biting wind.

One of the chief attractions at Hampstead Heath was a waxwork show, where the gruesome tragedies of the past few weeks are presented in horribly realistic tableaux. A large notice exhibited in front of the show advises the timid to "watch them smiling as they come out."

And they did more than smile, they laughed outright.

But Happy Hampstead has a serious rival in St. Quentin Park, near Wormwood Scrubbs, where a fair of gigantic proportions has this year assembled.

At Hendon, near Uxbridge, the Park, Highgate Woods, and Hampton Court all attracted their thousands and tens of thousands.

Museums, parks, and picture galleries were thronged; Kempton races had a record attendance, and there was a surprising gathering of cricket enthusiasts at the Oval.

## HOLIDAY ITEMS.

Over 7,000 people visited the state apartments at Windsor.

The ancient custom of egg-rolling was generally observed at Preston.

Four thousand Glasgow excursionists visited Morecambe yesterday.

The cuckoo was heard yesterday near Gads Hill, the famous residence of Charles Dickens.

The attendance in North London parks, including Highbury Woods, is estimated at 50,000.

There were only three cases of drunkenness at Tottenham yesterday. This is an exceptionally light list for the holiday season.

There was bright sunshine all day at Bourne-mouth, and a record number of visitors. No accident marred the enjoyment of the holiday.

PLENTY OF WORK BUT NO WORKERS.

Owing to the scarcity of hands, a Dalmarnock (Glasgow) firm has decided to abandon the weaving of lace.

In the Border tweed-mills there is a similar lack of hands, newspaper advertisements for workers producing no results.

When the trade was depressed many families left for Canada, and, curiously enough, most of the orders are from Canadian buyers.

Lancashire card-room operatives have applied for 5 per cent. advance.

## NO TREMORS NOTED.

British Instrument Photographs Indian  
Shocks, but Not English Ones.

It is curious that while the great Indian earthquake was recorded on instruments in the Isle of Wight, no record is expected of the shock felt in the Midlands on Sunday.

Professor Milne, who after many years' residence on the volcanic soil of Japan knows more about earthquakes than any man living, can "photograph" a disturbance occurring ten thousand miles away, but "local" shocks—unless very terrible indeed—would not be recorded by his delicate machinery.

The professor told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that he used to leave a "seismograph" in the Isle of Wight for recording local shocks. But it did his work only too conscientiously. The passing of a gravel cart was sufficient to put it into an interesting state of agitation, and a train going by close at hand threw the instrument into convulsions. So it was taken down.

Earthquakes of the character of that felt on Sunday occur in England, says Professor Milne, about half a dozen times a year. For the whole world the annual record of earthquakes is about 30,000. The earthquake had no sort of connection with the Indian disaster, but, like all English disturbances, was due to "faults" in the earth's crust.

A faint record was obtained by Dr. Davidson, of Birmingham. The record showed a very small series of waves lasting a few seconds, and the movement of the ground did not exceed a thousandth part of an inch.

## BOATING IN AFRICA.

Plans for the Victoria Falls Whit-Monday  
Regatta Well Advanced.

Thanks to the enthusiasm of Sir Charles Metcalfe, the initiator, preparations for the Victoria Falls Regatta, fixed for Whit Monday, are in full swing.

Sir Charles has visited the three Cape ports and Durban, and arranged for the appearance of local crews.

A pair of diamond sculls has been presented by Dr. Jameson, the Cape Premier, for the best sculler, and the prizes also include a challenge given by Sir Charles Metcalfe for dinkie fours, and a trophy by Sir William Aitken, the Administrator of Rhodesia, for a pair-oar race.

## WIFE'S FEARS CONFIRMED.

Search-Party Find Miner Buried Under Heavy  
Fall of Stone.

Because her husband and son, who were engaged in the Lassdale Mill Colliery, Keltie, Scotland, did not come home yesterday, Mrs. Cooper became alarmed.

She told her fears to the pit-inspector, and a search party was organised. Soon afterwards George Cooper, the husband, was found practically buried under 3wt. of stone and other material at the bottom of a stair leading to an air pit.

Further search revealed the son, George, and another lad, Robert Russell, who had also been knocked down. They had lost their way in the darkness.

The father, who was thirty-nine years of age, died soon after his rescue.

## NOT THE PLACE FOR A BOY.

Two Thousand Teachers Assemble To Discuss  
Education at the Seaside.

The average schoolboy would have been terribly disappointed had he gone to Llandudno for his holiday yesterday.

He would have seen nothing but spectres of last "term" on every hand. For the whole town was in the hands of the National Union of Teachers. No fewer than two thousand had assembled for a four-day conference on scholastic subjects. Dr. Macnamara, M.P., Mr. Yoxall, M.P., and other educational notables, were among them.

Yesterday the main business was pleasure. Teachers were seen everywhere, in the streets and hotels, on the beach, and on the Great Orme's Head—looking as gay as if no such trying combination as a stupid boy and a quadratic equation existed in the world.

## BLIND MAN'S LONG WALK.

James O'Neill, the well-known Lanarkshire blind walker, yesterday entered upon his self-imposed task of groping his way from John o'Groat's to Land's End.

His ambition is to claim the distinction of being the world's champion walker. Last year he covered the distance between Cambuslang, where he lives, and London, in twenty days.



## DEATH OF CAPTAIN O'SHEA.

Recalls a Famous Page of Irish  
Political History.

## PARNELL DIVORCE SUIT.

A famous page of history is recalled by the announcement of the death of Captain O'Shea, which has just taken place.

In himself William Henry O'Shea was by no means a remarkable person, and would have small claims to immortality. But it was his fate to play a role in one of the most remarkable dramas of modern history.

As the husband of Mrs. Katherine O'Shea, he struck the blow that hurled Charles Stewart Parnell from the height of his influence as despot of the Irish party, and left him, after a year or two of dissension and impotence, to sink into his grave a broken and discredited man.

Hurled from the Height.

In 1890 Mr. Parnell was at the zenith of his career. He had just emerged triumphantly from the terrible ordeal of the Parnell Commission. The wretched forger Pigott had confessed, before seeking a suicide's grave, that the gravest charges made against the Irish leader were forgeries and impostures.

Mr. Parnell, icy as was his nature, was for the moment almost as popular as Mr. Gladstone with the English Liberals; he was absolute master of his own party, and it looked as if he were about to realise his dream of a victorious Irish party forcing England to do its best.

Then a sinister rumour began to circulate. Paragraphs of a coming cause célèbre, which would exhibit the Uncrowned King in a new and unfavourable light, began the rounds of the Press.

At last the case came on for trial, and, to the surprise of Mr. Parnell's most fervid supporters, it was undefended. It would be unkind to revive the evidence after the lapse of fifteen years, but the mere fact of the admitted guilt of the great Irish chieftain was sufficient to blast for ever the political hopes of Mr. Parnell.

A stern cry of reprobation rose from the English Nonconformists—a cry that brooked no denial.

Mr. Parnell must be driven from political life. Mr. Gladstone withdrew from the alliance; members arose in his own party, and the fabric built up by years of anxious effort was dissolved in a moment.

"The O'Sheas Will Be Your Ruin."  
The unhappy lady whose name was associated with the Irish chief in this tragedy became Mrs. Parnell as soon as the decree was made absolute, but in a few months came her second widowhood. Mr. Parnell died in 1891 at Brighton, where, by a curious coincidence, the wronged husband has just passed away.

It is singular to note that Mr. Parnell made a strenuous electioneering effort on behalf of the man who was destined to be the instrument of his fate. In 1896 he nominated Captain O'Shea for Galway, and this caused something like a Nationalist split. Mr. Biggar sent Mr. Parnell a prophetic telegram: "The O'Sheas will be your ruin," but Mr. Parnell declared that the captain's candidature could not be withdrawn, and, rather than be disloyal to their great leader, the electors chose the captain by an overwhelming majority.

## BESIEGED BY BURGLARS.

How Two Desperate Men Rushed the Home  
of an East End Coloured Man.

If evidence given at the West Ham Police Court yesterday be correct, a most audacious attempt at burglary has been made by Arthur White and William Maltby at the house of James Brown, a coloured man, living at Butchers-road, Custom House.

Brown's wife and a female lodger had gone to see a friend off, and Brown had gone to bed.

About midnight he heard a knock at the door, and, thinking his wife had returned, opened it. The two men, it is stated, immediately rushed in, and, when he escaped to the bedroom, they attacked him so fiercely that he jumped through the window.

When the police arrived, the men, who had wrecked the place, rushed to the kitchen, and became very violent.

Maltby was arrested in the house, but White was not captured until after an exciting chase.

The men were remanded.

## BRICKS FOR BRIDAL PARTY.

Because he failed to receive an invitation to an Easter Sunday wedding, Benjamin Fuller, a middle-aged omnibus washer, at Eaton-road, Croydon, threw bricks at the windows of the house at Mitcham at which the festivities were being held. His substantial protest cost him at Croydon yesterday 30s. in damages and 16s. 6d. in fines.

## FINGER-PRINT CLUE.

Impressions That Showed Sixteen Points  
of Agreement Were Convincing.

The faith of the London police in the use of finger-print records for the purposes of identification was revealed in a case at the West London Police Court yesterday.

Albert Harvey was accused of breaking into a house in Sinclair-road, West Kensington, but when he was arrested no property was found upon him.

The only evidence which, it is suggested, connects him with the burglary is the fact that the impression of his left-forefinger corresponds with finger-marks found on a bottle which was left on the breakfast-room table.

Detective-sergeant Ferrier, of New Scotland Yard, stated that he had made an exhaustive comparison of the two sets of finger-prints, and he produced a photographic reproduction of each impression, showing that there were sixteen points of agreement between them.

The Clerk: In your opinion the marks on the bottle are those of the prisoner's finger-prints?

The Officer: It isn't my opinion, it is the fact—there can be no mistake.

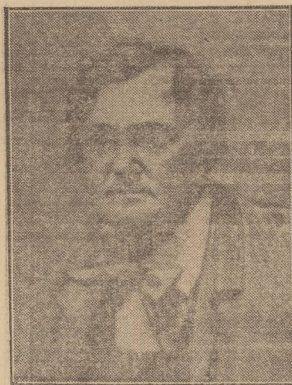
Committed for trial.

## GREAT ACTOR'S EXIT.

Created "Rip Van Winkle" and Played with  
"Lord Dundreary."

By the death of the American actor Joseph Jefferson, the creator of "Rip Van Winkle," who died on Sunday evening in his seventy-seventh year at his home, Palm Beach, Florida, a great figure makes its exit from the Florida stage.

Joseph Jefferson was born at Philadelphia in 1829, and four years after his birth made his first appearance as an actor. "Little Joey" made his



The late JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

début from a carpet-bag, and performed strange dances to the words of the famous "Jim Crow" song.

In "Our American Cousin" Jefferson played Asa Trenchard in the same company with Sothern, the famous "Lord Dundreary."

It was in 1865, at the Adelphi in London, that Jefferson first played Dion Boucicault's version of "Rip Van Winkle," and it is as "Rip Van Winkle" that Jefferson will go down to posterity, for his reading of the character was without rival.

## EIGHT MEN NEEDED TO MASTER ONE.

Seven policemen found enough to do in taking Thomas Bryant, a Chiswick cabowner, to the station.

At West London Police Court yesterday it was stated that one constable had had his whistle broken and his chest injured in the struggle.

A private individual, who assisted the police, was said to have been bitten on the arm.

Bryant was fined £2.

## PEWTER POT UNDER SUSPICION.

Charles Collins, a plumber's mate, was observed in Southgate-road carrying under his arm a pewter pot, inscribed Angel and Crown.

To Detective Faux he said he had picked it up in the road, and later, at the police station, pleaded that another man had asked him to carry it.

The magistrate yesterday remanded Collins at North London Police Court, so that it should be ascertained whether the pot was in any way connected with the manufacturing of base coin.

Celluloid articles sent through the post, says the Canadian Postmaster-General, must be enclosed in tin boxes with tightly-fitting lids.

## SIXTY YEARS A PAINTER.

Interview with Mr. W. P. Frith, of  
"Derby Day" Fame.

## KAISER AS A BAD BOY.

Critically scanning the work of famous artists of the present day, soon to be submitted to the public, a frail old man with abundant silver hair wandered through the galleries of the Royal Academy yesterday.

"It is Mr. Frith, the painter of 'Derby Day,'" said the attendants.

The furor created by "Derby Day" is a matter of history, but the great painter is still with us, and this year completes the sixtieth year of his connection with the Royal Academy, of which he was elected an Associate in 1845.

Though he no longer exhibits in the Academy, Mr. Frith is still, in his eighty-seventh year, wonderfully energetic and vigorous. He usually starts work at ten o'clock in the morning, only leaving off when the light fails.

## Men "Hanged" on Their Merits.

It is a rare treat to hear this wonderful old man tell stories of his crowded life. Sitting by the fire in his studio after his return from the Academy yesterday, he gave the *Daily Mirror* some interesting reminiscences.

"I have never known," he said, "in all my experience of the Academy one instance of wilful unfairness."

"In the early days, when I was studying at the Antique School in Trafalgar-square, a small boy of about eleven years old wandered in. I asked one of the students who it was and what he was doing there."

"Oh, most likely one of the hall-porter's children," he said.

"But that little boy was John Everett Millais."

When Mr. Frith was painting a large picture of the wedding of the (then) Prince of Wales, the present Kaiser Wilhelm II., then a boy of less than ten years old, had to sit for his portrait as one of the figures in the picture.

He was a very unruly little sitter, so Mr. Frith, in order to keep him quiet, gave him some paints and brushes to paint a little picture of his own.

## Kaiser Paints His Face.

The experiment was successful, but while Mr. Frith was engaged upon another part of the picture he was startled by a cry from the lady in charge of the little Prince.

Mr. Frith looked at his sitter, to find that he had been decorating his face, after the manner of certain savage tribes, with streaks and splashes of cobalt, vermilion, and other startling colours.

The pigment was easily to be removed, of course, with a little turpentine, but while the operation was being performed the "patient" started a series of alarming howls.

The turpentine had found out some small scratch or abrasion on his face, causing it to smart.

He broke away and bellowed beneath a table till he was tired, afterwards taking his revenge by sitting so badly that it was impossible for the artist to paint a likeness of him.

## EPIGRAMS OF AN "AUTHOR."

His Powers of Repartee Amuse but Fail to  
Disarm His Judges.

Mr. Edward J. Foyd is described as an "author," and lives at Forest Gate. Yesterday he was charged at Stratford with breaking the window of a Wood-ford bank.

The following epigrammatic colloquy took place between the presiding magistrate and the prisoner: Magistrate: Well, Foyd, the doctor says you are sane—I know I am.

Why did you break the window?—I didn't.

Last week you told the policeman you broke it.—That was foolish, wasn't it? I was tempted to break it.

But you did break it. A man saw you.—The man that watched me do it broke it himself. (Loud laughter.)

Magistrate: Well, you will go to prison for a month, and I fear the window will have to be mended out of the bank profits.

## PROTEST BY WHISTLE.

A little wizened old man gave a peculiar reason to the Manchester stipendiary yesterday for having made a disturbance.

For an hour and forty minutes on Sunday afternoon he stood at the open window of his bedroom blowing a whistle and using extravagant language. He explained that he did this as a protest against a neighbour, who was constantly irritating his wife out to drink, but the magistrate imposed a fine of 5s.

The Margate magistrates yesterday formally remanded George Putman, the gas stoker, who is charged with murdering his wife on the morning of Easter Sunday.

## PEAK SHEBEEN.

Heavy Fines Promptly Paid by Derbyshire  
Navvies.

The smart Derbyshire constable who, disguised as a navvy, discovered an extensive system of shebeening in vogue amongst some navvies in the Peak District has just laid the fruits of his enterprise before the Buxton magistrates.

Before their workshops were called eight keepers of huts on the new waterworks at Stanley Moor, and the summonses implicated about twenty-three other people.

The constable, whose name is Coyle, related the story, which has already appeared in the *Daily Mirror*, of how he went and worked and lived with the navvies for several days until he found sufficient evidence to prove that the men were served with beer by the hut-keepers.

"You are an Irish pig," shouted one of the accused as Coyle was giving evidence, "and ought to have a bullet through you."

The court proceedings were constantly interrupted, and one of the women summoned added to the diversity of the hearing by indulging in shrieks, dancing round the solicitors, and, finally, rushing from the court.

The Bench took a serious view of the matter. They sent one man to six months' hard labour, and fined others £35, £10, and £5.

The money was paid, indicating that shebeening in the Peak district is a profitable business.

## SHAM CONSTABLE.

Ruse That Failed to Delude a Suspicious  
Marylebone Baker.

For impersonating a policeman and attempting to obtain 10s. from Louis Weber, baker, Great James-street, Marylebone, a labourer named Charles Meredith was sentenced to two months' hard labour.

The baker said he was first approached by a stranger, to whom he said, "What do you want? Do I owe you anything?"

At that moment the prisoner came up and said to the aggressor, "If you don't go away I shall take you inside."

Asked if he was a police-officer he replied that he was.

Later, in a public-house, he said to the baker, "If you drop a half I'll see you're all right."

The baker grew suspicious, and took the sham policeman to another tavern and treated him to whisky and cigars, while he called a real constable. Mr. Paul Taylor characterised the offence as an attempt to commit a "despicable and dangerous fraud." Hence the severity of the sentence.

## SPANIARD'S BROKEN TOUR.

Young Foreigner Falls in Police Hands as  
Soon as He Sets Foot in London.

Manuel Garcia, a well-dressed Spaniard, had scarcely set foot in London before he fell into the hands of the police.

A gentleman, who appeared to prosecute him at Bow-street yesterday, said he was standing in Charing-Cross Station, and on the arrival of the Continental train someone held a newspaper out in front of him and felt his waistcoat pocket.

Looking down, he saw that his note-book, which contained two £5 notes and a cheque, was protruding from his pocket.

Garcia, who denied the charge of pocket-picking, was remanded.

On him was found a return ticket to Paris, from which city he had just arrived, and a passport from Madrid.

## POORHOUSE MANNERS.

Paupers Must Not Talk, but Ought to  
"Behave Like Saints."

Addressing a pauper at Stratford Police Court yesterday, Mr. Glenny, one of the magistrates, said that the inmates of a poorhouse ought to behave like saints.

The pauper was named Henderson, and the charge against him was that on Good Friday night he talked at supper time, and in a loud voice denied the allegation, whereupon the attendant ordered him out.

A very unseemly Good Friday scene ensued. Henderson was six times ordered to leave the place, and each time denied that he was guilty of the heinous sin of talking at his food.

The pauper told the magistrates that the attendant was "down" upon him, and he was given the benefit of the doubt and discharged.

## MARKSMEN ON 'CHANGE.

The highest score made at the Stock Exchange Club was 98 by Mr. B. T. R. Kennedy. This was at the 200, 500, and 600 yards ranges.

Mr. C. J. Mate and Mr. G. R. Jackman tied for second place with 92 each, and Mr. W. G. Wightman was third with 91.

At 800 yards Mr. G. R. Jackman scored 48, and Mr. R. F. Daviss came next with 47.



## FATAL CURSE OF BEAUTY.

Another Chapter in the Hansom-Cab Mystery.

## AT THE RACES AND AFTER.

In the preceding chapters we have told something of the extraordinary life-story of Nan something, the American "Florodora" girl, who is being tried in New York for the murder of "Casar" Young, a bookmaker.

In 1902 Nan Patterson, while playing in San Francisco, attracted a young Californian rancher. After leading him on she finally refused to marry him, and the unfortunate fellow committed suicide. The following day Nan left for a holiday at Los Angeles, and while on the journey met "Casar" Young, who invited her to go to the races at Los Angeles with him.

### CHAPTER III.

#### The Curse of Beauty.

That night in his hotel "Casar" Young was warned. A couple of Californians whom he knew were at Los Angeles for the races, and Young spoke to them of the strangely beautiful girl he had met.

"Oh, Nan Patterson," said one, with a laugh. "You'd better be careful, 'Casar'."

"Why?" he asked.

"Oh," replied the other easily, "Nan has a reputation for breaking hearts and emptying pockets. She fools men, that's what she does."

"Casar" Young laughed lightly. "Why, as for that," he said, "I've the sweetest wife a man ever had, and I shall not throw money away over a chums girl."

"Well, be careful, that's all," replied the other. "Casar" Young thought no more of the warning until he met Nan Patterson the next day.

She was certainly, he thought, a very beautiful girl, with her dark, curling, chestnut hair, her blue eyes, and the small, oval face that suggested an Irish descent. But he smiled to himself at the idea that this girl could make a fool of him.

Nan seemed overjoyed to see him again. She appeared fascinated with the tall, sturdy figure, the clean-cut features, and the clear eye of the man.

#### The Shadow of Tragedy.

Young put some money on for her, and the horse won. "That's good luck," she cried. "Buy me something with the money I've won—something to remember this good day by, and something to bring me luck. I haven't had much so far."

"Why, how's that?" asked Young.

A look of fear passed over the girl's face, and she told him of the man who had visited her in the morning and killed himself in the afternoon.

"Casar" Young took her hand. "My dear," he said, "you can't help it, because a man is such a fool that he can't face the consequences of his own folly."

Nan was silent for a minute. "Well, don't let's talk about it." She put her hand on his arm and they walked across the paddock.

That night they dined together. In the soft light the girl seemed even more beautiful than on the afternoon. "Casar" Young felt conquered by the magnetism of her nature. He suggested a little moonlight drive to take away her melancholy.

"There are a pair of fast trotters of mine down in the yard," he said, "and we can do a twelve mile spin before bed-time."

Out on the white gleaming road, stretching away into the darkness, with the clear, Californian moon shining, Young felt more and more in love with his beautiful companion. The shadowy road and the terrific pull of the mettlesome animals required most of his attention, and Nan was content to sit silent.

#### Infection of Love.

Presently the white ribbon of road straightened itself, and Young allowed the horses to have their heads a little. The animals' heads dropped lower, the rhythmic click of their hoofs grew faster. There was no other sound, and Nan looked up at the face of the man by her side. The determined look relaxed momentarily, and he smiled down at the girl. Then suddenly he stooped and kissed her.

"Oh," she cried, with a little, gasping sigh. Then there was silence again, with no sound but the sharp click of hoofs.

An hour later "Casar" Young drew up outside the hotel. The girl jumped lightly down from the low buggy and turned round to look at the man. "Oh, it was heavenly," she cried.

They stood together in the shadowy verandah before Nan decided that her friends would be expecting her. "If only I need never go back to 'Frisco and the show,'" she murmured.

"Casar" Young bent down and touched her cheek lightly with his lips. "You need not, dear," he whispered.

They passed out into the night again. The man seemed to exercise a curious influence over her. Her face paled, and she trembled with some strange emotion.

Again he kissed her as they parted.

"They were right after all," he said to himself, as he walked back to the hotel; "she's fooled me."

(To be continued.)

## ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

After sustaining a fracture of the spine near the neck by a fall from a cart, a Manchester green-grocer, named Grime, survived for a month.

King Edward has promised to open the Royal Naval and Military Tournament on May 25.

Mr. Harry Reynolds, veterinary surgeon, Horley (Oxon), died suddenly from heart disease while travelling through Cophorne on his motor-car.

Contracts for a large number of heavy and high-speed engines have been placed with the North British Locomotive Company, Glasgow, by the Egyptian Government.

At a loss to know how to enter the child in the books, the master of Bridlington Workhouse has appealed to the guardians to name an unknown female child placed in his care.

Great pains are being taken by the Cumberland Education Committee to encourage children in the study of Nature. Circulars have been issued to all the schools setting forth the committee's desires.

After being forty years vicar of Scarborough, the Bishop of Hull is now leaving the town, and his wife has been presented with a handsome silver rose bowl by parishioners of the St. John's district.

Good progress has been made during the past three months in laying the underground telegraph line to the north, and it is expected that the permanent cable will be ready for opening towards the end of May.

For the relief of the poor of Chorley (Lancs.), his native town, an anonymous gentleman has decided to place the sum of £10,000 in the hands of trustees. Grants from the fund are to be made without regard to religious belief or political creed.

Hundreds of people from all parts of Derbyshire trudged miles to take a last look at the face of the late Rev. George Rogerson, vicar of Peak Forest. His body was embalmed, and lay in an open coffin in the chancel, which was filled with magnificent wreaths. Nearly all the clergy of Peakland were present.

After eating mussels, George Brown, a Grantham ostler, died suddenly. At the inquest a verdict of Death from ptomaine poisoning was returned.

Camberwell guardians have decided to set apart an old laundry as a place for the private daily devotions of patients of all denominations in the infirmary.

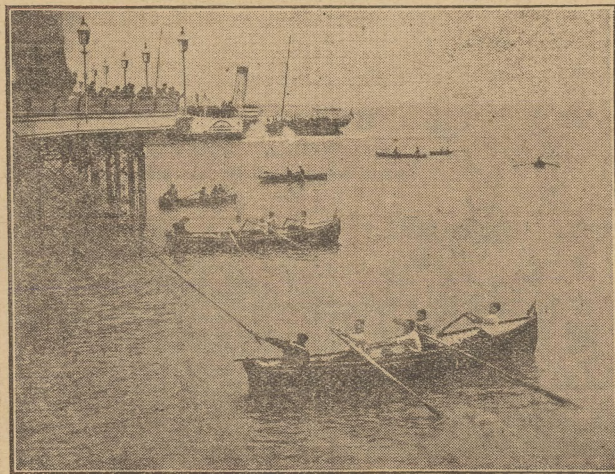
Major Watson, Assistant Adjutant-General to the Egyptian Army, has been appointed resident aide-de-camp to the Khedive. He is the first British officer to act in such a capacity to the present Khedive.

"For over thirty years I have played the tin whistle in the street, and I shall do the same again when I come out of gaol," said William Turner, aged seventy, to the Brighouse (Yorkshire) magistrates when they committed him.

A great deal of sheep-worrying has occurred in the neighbourhood of York. On a farm at Heslington two sheep have been found dead and eight badly bitten; at Grimston eight have been bitten—two fatally; and at Kexby two have been killed.

Any scavenger caught saluting a member of the Athlone Urban Council will, according to a resolution just passed, be fined. The proposer said there were many "half-sirs" in the town courting this sort of offence. He wished to see the roads properly swept instead.

## NAVAL VOLUNTEERS AT EASTBOURNE.



There was an interesting galley-race between crews drawn from the London and Eastbourne companies of the Naval Volunteers during the holiday manoeuvres at the south coast watering-place. Eastbourne won. Our photograph shows the start.

Mrs. Anna Johnson has died at Sunderland at the great age of 104.

Two men were each fined forty shillings at Lambeth yesterday for catching a chaffinch in Dulwich Park.

High rates and bad trade, said a Canning Town man at an inquest, had compelled him to leave his house and live in a caravan.

Assembling for the first time as a united body, Baptists from all parts of the world (representing 5,700,000 communicants) will hold a conference in London next July.

On the body of William Robinson, a Wolverhampton commercial traveller, who drowned himself at Cruck Meole, near Shrewsbury, a county court summons and a moneylender's card were found.

Because his companion, a boy of four, "wanted to see a blaze," Willie Emmott, aged twelve, set fire to a barn at Cowling (Yorkshire). Damage to the extent of £60 was done, and Emmott was dealt with under the First Offenders Act.

Suspended from the Ventnor (Isle of Wight) Pier gates yesterday was a notice board bearing in large gold and red letters the following announcement:—"No. 10 Company Hants. Royal Garrison Artillery Band will play this evening at 11 a.m."

Just as a train was entering the station at Garforth (Yorkshire), a Selby youth, named Ambling, fell between the carriages and the platform. On-lookers were terrified, but the lad doubled himself up in the vacant space between the rails and the platform, and escaped unhurt.

Primroses and daffodils were, according to custom, placed on all the graves at Membury, East Devon, this Easter.

Dr. Charbarg and Professor Hepburn, with two attendants, had to make their escape, fire having broken out in the offices below, through a window on the first floor at the Cardiff laboratories.

Whilst waving a last farewell to her brother-in-law, who was on board a liner en route for America, a young woman fell into the river at Glasgow. She had her baby nephew with her, and both were gallantly rescued by a fireman, who dived into the water from the ship's deck.

First aid had to be rendered to John William Ambridge when he fell off a Bird-of-Hope wagon, which was taking part in a procession at Leeds. Ambridge was drunk, and the chairman of the Bench, in fining him, said, "We are sorry it happened in such good company."

"Wake" candles set fire to the lining of the coffin in which the dead body of a man named Welsh had been placed at Stockport. The flames spread to the shroud, and water had to be poured on the corpse. Finally, the coffin had to be removed into the yard, and the body was left on the kitchen floor.

Presence of mind on the part of an engine-driver averted a disaster near Brompton-Cleveland. A number of children were on a level crossing when the train dashed round a curve. The driver brought it to a standstill within a few inches of the little ones. The youngest child was lifted out from in front of the engine quite unhurt.

## CANINE POLICE

### AT WORK.

How Dogs Are Trained To Do the Work of Men.

## OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.

On page 9 will be found a unique set of photographs showing some remarkable German police dogs, now on exhibition in Berlin, at work.

One of the animals shown in the first photograph, Hurras, the famous police dog of Brunswick, already enjoys the distinction of having been the means by which several criminals have been arrested.

At night, when a trap is being laid for burglars or other criminals, the dogs are of the utmost use. Their delicate senses enable them to detect the approach of a stranger long before a man could do so. The slightest odour or the faintest noise is sufficient to put them on the alert. They are trained in such cases to attract their master's attention by touching him with a paw—a properly-educated police dog will never bark unless summoning assistance.

In the pursuit of an escaping criminal a trained dog's assistance is equally valuable to the police. On the word of command they will follow a flying man at twice the speed of the most fleet-footed human being could attain to, and when they have run him down they seldom fail to hold him or to hamper his movements until the agents of the law arrive. Moreover, a desperate man who would fight for his liberty if only a policeman were to be overcome, will think twice about doing so when a dog or two, equally intent on holding him, are also to be considered.

### DOGS IN WAR TIME.

Dogs are also very carefully trained by the German military authorities for use in war-time. Some are trained for ambulance work—to find the wounded and bring succour to them—others to carry ammunition to the firing line or to dispatch from one part of the field to another. It is easy to see how valuable the aid of these animals might be on the field of battle, for it is obvious that a dog, being a smaller object and moving more quickly than a man, would often escape where a soldier would be shot down.

Some ambulance dogs have been doing good service with the Russian army in Manchuria, and the Tsar, who has been much interested in the performances of the German police dogs, has, within the last day or two, bought a couple of trained animals from Brunswick. No doubt they are intended to act as an additional protection of his much-threatened life.

### ADMIRAL TOGO'S FAMILY.

The most interesting figure in the portrait group, reproduced on page 9, of the redoubtable Japanese admiral's family is that of his little daughter, Miss Chiyo Togo, whom he idolises.

Concerning the quaint little lady a pretty story is told. When Admiral Togo received his orders to proceed to the front he was suffering from a severe cold, and his wife, not entirely understanding the seriousness of the situation, tried to persuade him to delay his departure until he was completely recovered. By way of response the admiral said "Nonsense!" and gave his wife a playful tap or two with his hand, all of which was observed by Miss Chiyo.

On arriving at the station, where he had a short time to wait, the admiral found his little daughter there. "Why did you strike my mother?" she demanded, adding: "You must be an age"—a phrase being the most terrible thing existing in the mind of a Japanese child. Her father took the rebuke without a smile. "Oh, my dear," he said, "I was very wrong, I admit. Run home and give my apologies to mother." That was the last Togo saw of his much-loved little one before the train bore him away to the war.

### KNUTSFORD'S MAY QUEEN.

A portrait of Miss Elsie Cockram, the queen-elect of the May Festival at Knutsford, in Cheshire, appears on page 8. It is of rather special interest in view of the fact that the May Festival of Knutsford is the only one in England to which the prefix "royal" distinction was granted to the Knutsford May-day ceremonies by the present King and Queen, when, as Prince and Princess of Wales, they witnessed the festival in Jubilee year.

There is much pageantry and ceremonial when the May Queen, richly dressed, rides to her coronation in a carriage drawn by four greys. A feature of the proceedings is an old-fashioned Maypole dance.

### INTERESTING EASTER OBSERVANCE.

The result of one William Hubbard's desire to have his memory kept green is the curious custom which is observed, as shown in our photograph on page 8, each Easter-eve at Market Harborough, in Leicestershire.

He left the sum of one guinea per annum as a gift to the parish choir on condition that they sang the Easter Hymn over his grave on the eve of the great Christian festival. It was in 1786 that William Hubbard died, as shown in this life, but every year since that time the singers of Harborough have carried out his wish and pocketed their annual guinea.



## NOTICE TO READERS.

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## Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, APRIL 25, 1905

## "ADS." IN EVERYTHING.

ACCORDING to a New York newspaper it has been discovered that the public dinners arranged by Americans in honour of certain distinguished Englishmen, including Lord Charles Beresford and Sir Mortimer Durand, were nothing more nor less than subtly-planned advertisements for an American insurance company.

The announcement is sufficient to take one's breath away, but a moment's consideration will show that the tale is utterly preposterous, that it could never have been invented; it must be true.

Probably, if we only knew it, all the great social, and perhaps even the physical, events of modern history have been the work of the insidious advertiser. Of course, the principal actors are kept in ignorance of their true rôle, and thus the advertisement greatly gains in value. We cannot imagine that the Kaiser really knew when he went to Tangier that he was simply booming somebody's circular tours in the Sunny South or that the Indian earthquake was aware that it was assisting to make more widely known the virtues of a new patent medicine.

In the latter case it is not perhaps quite clear at a first glance how the thing was done, but, of course, the more subtle the advertisement the more valuable it becomes.

Our American contemporary, in making the revelations with regard to the insurance company, declares that Lord Roberts cancelled an intended visit to the United States on hearing that he was to be used as a hoarding, and doubtless the same fear will influence the actions of other distinguished people who have been planning an excursion across the Atlantic.

One can imagine what it would mean to the sensitive moral organisation of some shy lady novelist—for there are some lady novelists who spend nearly all their time in trying not to be advertised—on learning that every little bit of the spontaneous homage rendered to her by her American cousins was designed purely with the object of bringing an insurance company, a pill, or a non-refillable bottle to the public notice.

The worst of it is that things are probably just as bad over here. The advertiser is a wonderfully astute person all the world over, and he doubtless controls the comings and goings of the highest in our land. We do not hear as much about him as they do in America because our newspapers are not smart enough to find him out.

## OUR EARTHQUAKE.

Allowing for local colour, the earthquake in the North Midlands cannot claim to have been a very alarming affair. It was, indeed, one of those well-mannered disturbances which seem to take an honest pride in doing as little damage as possible while causing a pleasing thrill of excitement among those who experience it.

We have some half-dozen earthquakes of this time variety in our islands every year, but it must be remembered, should any desire to reproach them for their feebleness, that they are not due to volcanic eruptions or explosions in the interior of the earth; they are caused by subsidences along the line of old geological faults.

The crust of the earth is bound to shrink as our globe gets cooler, but in this favoured spot it appears to do it with as little ostentation as possible, and while it might be in a manner more dignified to have larger earthquakes, really big convulsions would be attended with considerable inconvenience.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Although Nature is constantly beautiful she does not exhibit her highest powers of beauty constantly; for then they would satiate us and pall upon our senses. It is necessary to their appreciation that they should be rarely shown.—*Rushin.*

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

TO-DAY the little Princess Mary, the only daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales, celebrates her eighth birthday at Sandringham. Every preparation has been made for her to pass a happy day and for the royal children to spend a pleasant Easter holiday in their favourite home. They were really pleased at not having to go, after all, to Frogmore, where they would have been without many of their favourite pets. The little Princess Mary will receive presents to-day to delight the heart of a child from her little brothers and her parents.

The Princess of Wales, like most modern mothers, has endeavoured to secure that her children shall pass an absolutely healthy youth, free from cares and ceremony. The children of rich parents have a better time indeed nowadays than their fathers and mothers did. Nevertheless the little Princess Mary is well aware of her responsibilities, and has become an unusually clever and self-reliant little girl. She sews and knits with remarkable patience and dexterity, and writes a bold round hand, of which she is legitimately proud. She is inclined, on the whole, to regret having been born a girl, as she considers that boys have more exciting lives. Towards her own brothers, however, she is often quite patronising, and when her mother kissed her good-bye before she started for her tour through the Colonies, the little Princess remarked encouragingly, "Don't worry; I shall take care of us."

Sir Charles Hardinge, our Russian Ambassador, who has just arrived in England for a holiday, which he must certainly need after the exceedingly agitating months he has just passed through at St. Petersburg, is one of the youngest of our representatives abroad. He will be forty-seven next June, and that is a very early age for a man to hold so important a diplomatic post. Ambassador Hardinge has to have immense experience of the world—of a world, at least, in which people never say what they think, and one imagines them in consequence as antiquated and very gouty people, with a faculty for "getting round" rival diplomatists, and of ingratiating themselves with foreign kings and queens.

Sir Charles, however, does not answer to that picture at all. He is quite frank and cheerful in manner, and has nothing tortuous about him. His knowledge of languages is perfectly amazing. He speaks the ordinary European ones fluently, and is one of the few Englishmen who know Russian as well. He also speaks Persian and Turkish, both languages which the ordinary man takes years to learn, with perfect ease. He is a man who ought to achieve the very first prizes of his calling. He married a daughter of the first Lord Alington.

The fact that Mr. John Gates, the well-known American millionaire, has just lost the sum of £1,000,000 will probably cause that cheerful speculator very little concern. A million to Mr. Gates is, after all, only a trifle, and he will no doubt repair the loss a dozen times over in the course of the next few months. He is absolutely without nerves, and does everything calmly. A big, swarthy man, with a luxuriant moustache, and a perpetual smile, Mr. Gates has, behind his joviality of manner, an iron determination and an endless capacity for work.

His determination was awakened early in him by a tragic incident of his youth. His brother, Charles Gilbert Gates, was engaged to a young woman from the Western States. This girl's brother, for some reason never explained, took a violent dislike to Charles Gates, and finally in the course of a bitter quarrel actually murdered him. The man escaped while being conveyed from one prison to another, and no more was heard of him for years. But Mr. John Gates never forgot the affair, and from the very first determined that, no matter what the cost, he would bring his brother's murderer to justice. Every year he spent hundreds of pounds in employing detectives to track him.

For years the murderer succeeded in concealing his whereabouts. The public had, indeed, forgotten all about him; but Mr. Gates never forgot. At last, twenty-eight years after the crime, the murderer wrote to his sister. That was foolish of him, because the sister, too, had never forgiven him for killing her lover. She showed Mr. Gates' lawyers the letter, which revealed the murderer's assumed name and his whereabouts. Mr. Gates at once took a train for the remote village where the man was, identified him without hesitation, and had him arrested "after many days." That persistence, and that gift of never losing hope, are what have helped, more than anything else, to make him many times over a millionaire.

The little town of East Dereham, in Norfolk, will be the scene of an interesting ceremony to-day. There is to be a kind of festival there in honour of the poet Cowper, who was born in the neighbourhood, and Lady Leicester, the "great lady" of all that part of the country is to unveil a memorial window to him in the church. Lady Leicester was the Hon. Georgiana Cavendish, a daughter of Lord Chesham, and she is Lord Leicester's second wife. When he married her there was considerable consternation amongst the old gossips of the county, some of whom feared that she would be too grand a lady to make his lordship the dumplings for which his first wife had been famous all over the countryside.

Lord Leicester, now that Lord Norton is dead, must really be the patriarch of the peerage. He was eighty-three last December. He is regarded with the greatest affection by the old Norfolk countryfolk, and he treats them quite as equals. Nobody could live "the simple life" more contentedly than the aged Lord Leicester. Not long ago one who knew him came upon him seated by the roadside eating his lunch, which consisted of bread and onions. He got up to speak to his friend and offered to share that frugal meal with him. In fact, like Count Tolstoi, Lord Leicester believes in living as a peasant.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 24.—The garden has had a bitter Easter. Though plenty of bright flowers are in bloom, they do not look quite happy. I think flowers, like ourselves, often reflect the weather. The humble daisies of springtime now star the grass. Weed, yes! but how beautifully they look gleaming in the fitful April sunshine!

Hanging over low walls, and brightening many shady spots, the cheerful periwinkle is now covering itself with blossoms.

Care should be taken at this season not to cut off the leaves of bulbs which have done flowering. They are now (through their leaves) storing up energy and food for next spring's labours.

E. F. T.

## BACK FROM THE HOLIDAYS.



The top picture represents the comic artist's conventional view of how a family returns from its holiday—tired, sleepy, ill, bad tempered, and disgusted with itself. The bottom picture is a result of the same artist's repenting and drawing the truth, which is that we all feel better for our rest, are well, happy, and delighted with ourselves and one another.

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Sir Alfred Jones.

HE is continuing his career as "The Colossus of the West Indies." His latest achievement is to secure the contract to carry the West Indian mails for his steamships, the Elder-Dempster Line.

"The Colossus of the West Indies" is not his only nickname. He is also known as the "Banana King" and the "King of the Canaries," for he it was who started to import bananas from the Canary Isles. When he began to do so the Canary Isles were a sleepy, out-of-the-world corner; now they are a prosperous business place.

Then he turned his attention to the West Indies. A few years ago Jamaica was on the brink of ruin; now she is a flourishing Colony, with his steamers regularly bringing her produce direct to England.

And he has done so much and may do yet more with only two things to help him—brains and the capacity for hard work, two qualities he wants more and more each day, as his huge business grows.

Every detail of it is in his own hands. His Welsh colliers, from whom he gets the coal for the fleet, his oil mills, from which comes the oil for their machinery, and numberless other undertakings, are guided by him. The whole business is almost self-supporting.

As for work, he does as much every twenty-four hours as two ordinary men would do in two days.

In appearance, too, he is essentially a worker. Heavily built, brusque of manner, direct of speech, he neither looks as if he had nor has time for trifles. He has all the vitality of a young man—he is still short of sixty—and his hair is not quite grey yet.

He is too busy to have hobbies, but he manages to grow some beautiful flowers and to give a lot of presents.

## WHEELS OF EMPIRE.

No. 4.—The Black Tracker.

A LITTLE body of armed horsemen canter tirelessly through the arid Australian bush—a sergeant of police, two troopers, and, riding ahead, a black. The eyes of the white men are upon this black, but his eyes cling continually to the parched and tawny ground. Like a mighty sphere of polished gold the sun has reared himself to the zenith of the breathless, brazen heavens, and seems to hang there for ever, scorching, pitiless, barely to be borne. But the black crouches over the wet withers of his horse, concerned only with the iron earth. The sun that dazes the whites is fruitless and ineffectual against the serene indifference of the half-tamed aborigine.

He is the Black Tracker—guiding the guards of the Empire's law towards the remote and barren fastnesses wherein lurks one who has done that for which no reward can be given. Reading signs that the eyes of the whites cannot discern—flattened grass, a bruised twig, a broken blade of yellow leaf—the Tracker pushes on, craning down his horse's shoulder.

Presently he stops, throwing out his hand so that the whites pull up also. For here the trail is hard to follow. He slips from the saddle, peering at the ground like a great hound sniffing for the scent of his prey. His eyes burn, his nostrils are widely open, his lips are curled back from his teeth in a tense and fixed smile, and he trembles with effort and excitement. He is not good to look upon now, but the Empire calls for excellence, and not for effete beauty.

Thus, as by black magic, he leads the pursuers on and on, until the time comes when he stiffens in his seat, staring ahead, keen-sighted as a vulture, and points out a pin-head speck moving on the horizon—his quarry, the law-breaker.

BERTRAM ATKY.



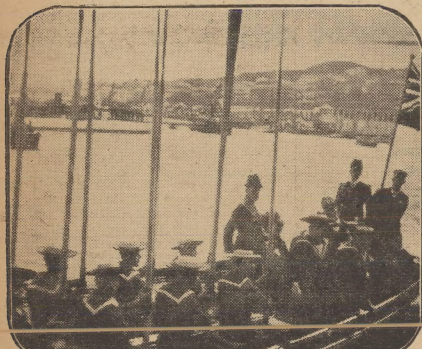


## DESERTED ANCHORAGE OF THE RUSSIAN FLEET.

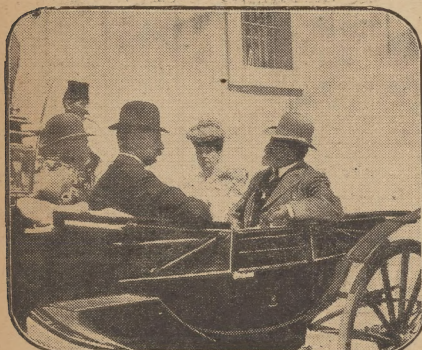


The Baltic Fleet has left the harbour at Kamranh Bay, which is shown in the above photograph, and is reported to be steaming to the northward, where Togo is waiting for it. Kamranh Bay is in French waters, and it was no doubt owing to protests from Paris to St. Petersburg that Rojestvensky was compelled to take his departure.

## ROYAL VISIT TO ALGIERS.



The royal barge from the Victoria and Albert waiting off the quay at Algiers to embark their Majesties King Edward and Queen Alexandra. In the stern of the barge will be noticed some of the royal aides-de-camp.



An excellent snapshot taken during one of the royal tourists' drives through the streets of Algiers. Both the King and Queen were delighted by their visit to the picturesque Mediterranean town, and extended it to beyond the time at first arranged.

## WELL-KNOWN JOCKEY DEAD.



Tom Weldon, the popular jockey, whose sudden death at Beverley has been announced. He was forty-nine years of age. He never really recovered from the effects of his accident in the Oaks of 1901, when his mount, Ark, fell.

## MAY QUEEN-ELECT.



Thirteen-year-old Miss Elsie Cockram is the Queen-elect of the only Royal May Festival in England. It is held at Knutsford, in Cheshire.

## STREET FIGHTING IN LIMOGES.



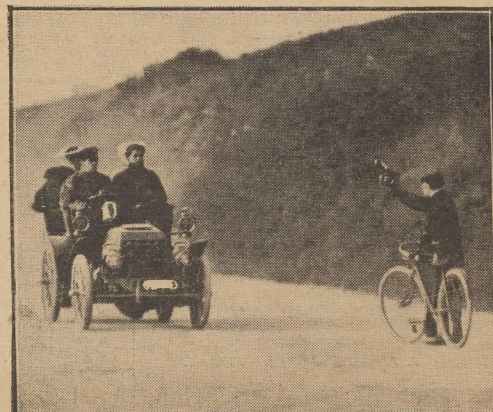
The gates of the prison at Limoges, which were broken open by the strikers in order to effect the release of some of their comrades imprisoned within the building. The attempt was unsuccessful, and the strikers were driven back into the streets, where—

## STRANGE EASTER EVE CELEBRATION.



On condition that they sing the Easter hymn over his grave every Easter Eve, William Hubbard left the sum of one guinea yearly to the singers of Harborough in Leicestershire. The choir was photographed as appears here while fulfilling terms of the bequest.

## HOW MOTORISTS ELUDE THE POLICE.



Cyclist scouts patrol some of the main roads out of London to warn motorists of police traps. When signalled to by a scout as shown in the photograph the motorists slow down.

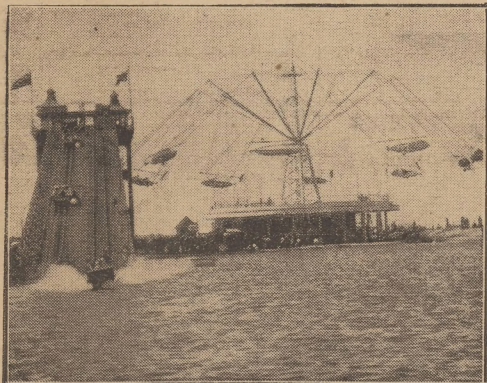


ES-SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



—barricades such as the one photographed above were erected and wire entanglements laid down. Fierce fighting took place, and more than a hundred soldiers and a large number of strikers were injured before the barricades were stormed and the strikers dispersed.

HOLIDAY ATTRACTIONS AT SOUTHPORT.



Southport was invaded by a huge holiday crowd, the chief attraction being the water-chute and Maxim flying machine, shown in our photograph. They were kept fully employed from early morning until late at night.

M.S. BUZZARD VOLUNTEERS' EASTER OUTING.



fatigable Naval Volunteers from H.M.S. Buzzard, their floating head-on the Thames, have been working hard during the holidays at Eastbourne. The gun detachment in action appears above.

NEWS PHOTOGRAPHS  
BY EXPRESS



FAMILY OF THE FAMOUS JAPANESE ADMIRAL.



Mrs. Tetsu Togo, the great admiral's wife, with her three sons and only daughter, Miss Chiyo Togo, who is idolised by the naval hero of Port Arthur. The Togo family live in a small, middle-class house in the most unpretentious manner, employing only one servant.

CANINE POLICE AT WORK IN BERLIN.



The three famous police-dogs of Brunswick, Germany. One of them has already been successful in tracking down several murderers and so bring them to justice.



Putting a trained war-dog on the scent. These animals are used by the hinter-regiments of Prussia and Bavaria.



A canine policeman in pursuit of his quarry. A hedge six feet in height is no obstacle to the dog.



The police-dog effects an arrest. The animals are trained to hold on when they have caught their men.



YOU WILL NEVER REGRET IT



## EASTER WEEK AT THE THEATRES.

AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE MR. TREE WILL PLAY—



Falstaff, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," this evening.—(London Stereoscopic.)



Richard II. at the Wednesday Matinee.—(Caswell Smith).



Malvolio, in "Twelfth Night," on Wednesday evening.



Benedick, in "Much Ado About Nothing," on Friday evening.—(Burford).



Hamlet on Thursday evening.—(Downey).



Mark Antony, in "Julius Caesar," on Saturday afternoon and evening.—(Turner).

MISS MILLIE LEGARDE,



Who will appear in a new part in "Miss Wingrove" at the Strand Theatre on Thursday.—(Downey.)



MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT,



Who opens to-night at the Lyric Theatre with a new play, "Her Own Way" by Mr. Clyde Fitch.

## SOULS ADRIFT.

(Continued from page 10.)

averse to Grant. Still, nothing further had been said, and recently Grant Malcolm had kept away. Jack and Kitty had been to see the house, too, that afternoon. They had strolled back to Valetta along the cliff, for the afternoon, though cold, was crisp and bright. On their way they passed the point upon the shore beneath them where Jack and Cecilia had met, and Kitty could not fail to notice that her companion's eyes sought the spot where he and the woman he loved had sat one happy day.

Involuntarily Kitty pressed the young man's arm.

"Jack," she murmured, "you are still thinking of her. Don't try to deceive me, and—no, I am not cross, but it's true, isn't it? Cecilia is still in your mind"—she lowered her voice—"and in your heart," she added.

"Don't let's speak of her," he said, and there was a catch in his voice. "Isn't it an arrangement between us, Kitty, that the subject should not be alluded to?"

"Oh, but I can't help it, Jack," she cried. "I have tried to keep silent, but how can I bear to see you pining and to know that I am powerless to help you? I am only an encumbrance in your life, Jack, and you will never get to love me. I am convinced of that to-day, and I can't keep silent and let things go on as they are." She looked at him helplessly. "What shall we do, Jack; what shall we do?"

"What can we do but go on?" he said almost harshly. "I shall keep my promises to you, Kitty; you may be quite certain that I shall neither say or do anything to offend you. Only, never speak to me of Cecilia, for the very mention of her name is painful to me."

They walked on in silence, then, after they had gone a little way, Kitty spoke again.

"Your father wants us to proclaim our engagement," she said timidly. "He wants us to publish the date of our wedding."

Jack started—his thoughts had been wandering. "Yes," he said absently, "why not?"

"Because," she said with some energy, "before it is too late I want you to think. I know you well enough, Jack, to be quite sure that if you marry me you will be true, and that you will do your best to make me happy. But don't you see that there will always be a shadow between us. Isn't it possible to be jealous of a shadow, Jack? You love Cecilia, and she loves you. Oh, I have seen her little—only that day," she faltered, for the words were very difficult to speak, "but it was evident that she loved you, and I was sorry for her, poor girl—as sorry as I was for myself," she added in an undertone.

She had not intended him to do so—the words had slipped out unawares—but he overheard what she said. He stopped abruptly.

"You were sorry for yourself, Kitty?" he asked. "Oh, I didn't mean to say that," she cried nervously; "I really didn't, and I don't know what I meant."

"Why should you have been sorry for yourself?" he repeated. He bent and looked scrutinisingly into her face, marking, as he could not fail to do, the flush upon her cheek, the delicate tremour of her lips.

"I don't know," she faltered. "It—it was an awkward position for me, wasn't it? You must see that, Jack." She was confused, and scarcely knew what she said. She had given Jack a clue of her real feelings, she was betraying herself to him. She tried to change the subject, but became lost in a tangle of words.

Jack stood still, his arm resting upon her shoulder. He felt strangely moved. It seemed to Kitty that he was reading her thoughts.

"I want to understand, Kitty," he cried at last.

"You have put a strange thought into my head, and I must know if I am right or wrong."

"What is it, Jack?" She laughed nervously, then added: "But don't you think we had better hurry on? They're expecting us, you know, and will wonder what has delayed us."

"I shan't move another step," he said bluntly. "till you have told me the truth. When you said that you loved me in the same way that I loved you, that we were just brother and sister together, I believed you, and thought that there could be no harm in breaking off our engagement; but was I mistaken? Did you deceive me because you thought it would make me happier? It's awkward to say it, Kitty, but, do you love me differently to that?"

She hid her face with her hands. It was easy to keep up the deception while he was unassuming, but now, feeling his eyes fixed upon her, feeling the touch of his hand, almost the beat of his heart as he drew her to him, her courage failed, her will deserted her, she could make no reply.

They were standing close to the edge of the cliff, for the path at this spot was narrow. Jack drew the girl a few steps onward to a little grassy mound further on, under the shelter of a bank, a spot where they were often wont to sit.

"I am cold, Jack," she whispered. "We mustn't sit here. Please—please let us go on." She spoke faintly, but allowed him to pull her down, unresisting, to his side.

"Kitty," he said, "little Kitty, have I been cruel to you? Did you love me really all the time?"

Still she made no answer, though the words hovered upon her lips. Her resistance was growing weak; confusion would be sweet, and she longed passionately to speak from her heart.

But words were hardly necessary. Jack, looking

(Continued on page 13.)

**METZLER PIANO PLAYER**

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**AND YOU GET**

Plays any piano, enabling you to perform the most difficult compositions or accompany the most correct singer, with a delicacy of touch and expression only possible to an expert in musical technique. Yea You Need Not Know A Note of Music.

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Find the Hidden Stars

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Here is a chance for a clever person to win £250 outright, or other Cash Prizes. In this square are a large number of stars. There are more than you can count at a glance. Mark them carefully and send your reply. £250 will be given to the correct answers, £25 being paid outright to the best solution. £25 will be paid to the nearest correct, though not exact; also 21 Cash Prizes Weekly for best solutions; and a Random Prize to every person who comes within Seven of the correct number. There is no quibble. Each spot is a star, but it will take sharp eyes to find all. We do not wish a penny of your money, and you can try Free. Winning solutions only are subject to the conditions and rules of the contest. If you succeed, these will be sent at once.—MAGIC POST-CARD CO., 45 Jessel Chambers, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

## 999 CIGAR BANDS.

I AM anxious to distribute among "Mirror" readers the above number of Bands for which contain (6) all different Cigar Bands for Decorative Purposes. And every applicant for the above Samples, on or before April 30, will be given a 3d. tin of a well-known TOOT POLISH (Black or Brown).

Send 4 stamps for one of these Booklets and select your own designs TO E. ROE, CIGAR MERCHANT, SLOUGH.

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Do what you like wash-day afternoon. Fels-Naptha does all the wash in the morning.

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Given up by Doctors,  
CURED BY

## VENO'S Lightning COUGH CURE



Mr. CLARK (from Photo).

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# THE EASTER BRIDE—HUNDREDS OF WEDDINGS BETWEEN TO-DAY AND MAY DAY.

## THE CULT OF COMELINESS.

### MRS. TEMPLER DEALS WITH A TROUBLESOME DISFIGUREMENT.

A few days after the conversation on the uses of various ointments and lotions Belinda, whose improved appearance was now a frequent comment among her friends, came hastily into Mrs. Templer's boudoir and asked if her hostess was disfigured.

"The truth is I have brought Cecily Manning home with me, and I want you to give her your advice," she said. "Cecily has positively made herself ill with brooding over some superfluous hairs on her lip, and she declares that her life is made a perfect burden at home by her small brothers, who ask her why she doesn't use a razor to shave off her moustache."

"Poor girl," said Mrs. Templer sympathetically. "There are hundreds of women suffering from the same disfigurement, and ready to try any dangerous remedy which may relieve them of this superfluous down. Bring Miss Manning up here, Belinda. We shall thus run no risk of interruption from visitors."

In a few moments Cecily Manning appeared with Belinda. She was a fairly attractive-looking girl of twenty-two, with quantities of flaxen hair, which harmonised with a fair, though somewhat, thick skin, and with two deep wrinkles between her eyebrows, the result of constant brooding over her disfigurement.

#### Effect of Hot Climates.

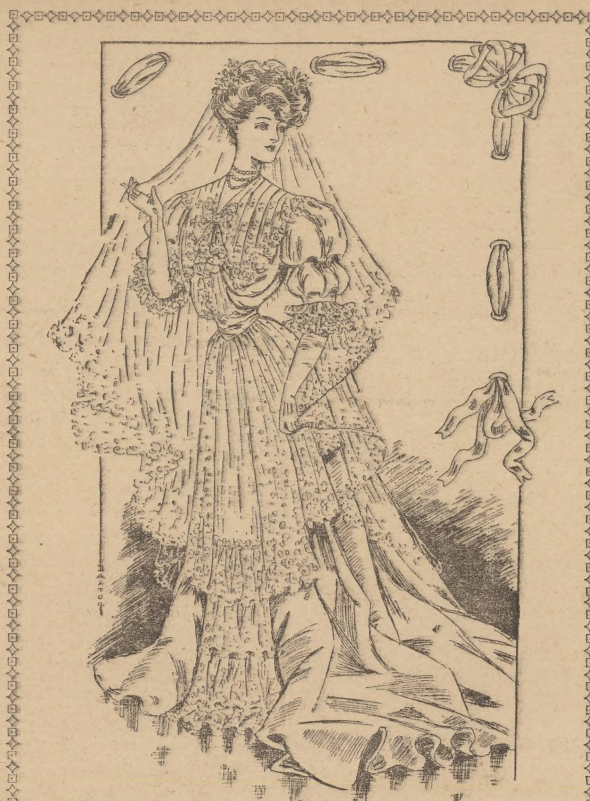
For disfigurement was the only term appropriate to a thick growth of wiry-looking hairs that extended above the curve of her upper lip. Beneath the chin also were some long, straggling hairs that presented the appearance of an incipient beard.

After the first conventional words of introduction and greeting, Mrs. Templer plunged into the subject.

"Belinda has been kind enough to say that you would value my opinion on the subject of the removal of superfluous hairs," she remarked, in so sympathetic a tone that Cecily Manning instinctively took courage, and even forgot to blush at the mention of her disfigurement. "Well, as you perhaps know, women of all ages and all climates suffer from this distressing affliction—for I can call it by no other name. Sometimes superfluous hairs make their appearance late in life, while some girls are troubled with them almost from infancy. Occasionally they are produced, or, rather, their growth is strengthened, by the use of creams containing animal fat, such as lard, while I have also known them to be brought out by residence in a hot climate."

"And is there no cure?" asked Cecily eagerly. "I once tried cutting them with the scissors, but they seemed to grow all the more stranger."

"Naturally," said Mrs. Templer. "You simply strengthened their growth. I have known women



Enter too late this year, and May is accounted so unlucky a month for weddings, that there will be hundreds celebrated this week. Made for a fashionable bride is the toilette sketched above. A lovely gown of rich supple white satin, daintily trimmed with heirloom Brussels lace. White satin and Brussels lace are the two most modish bridal fabrics of the moment.

try all kinds of desperate remedies. Some actually shave, and say they keep the fresh hairs at bay by rubbing the surface of the skin lightly every morning with pumice-stone covered with an emollient soap. Others use tweezers, which can be obtained for the purpose; but the hair is never really pulled out by the root, and is sure to grow again."

"But is there no harmless depilatory which will remove the hairs?" asked Belinda. "I am always seeing them advertised."

"All the depilatories that I know are made of quicklime mixed with other ingredients, and to sensitive skins the action of the lime is most injurious," said Mrs. Templer. "A prescription recommended by some authorities is compounded of ten grammes of sulphide of barium with ten grammes of powdered quicklime and the same quantity of starch."

"And how is this to be applied?" asked Cecily. "Moisten it with enough water to render it of a creamy consistency; lay it upon the hair for about five minutes, and then remove it with a bone paper-knife. Wash the part with plenty of water, and apply a little healing ointment if the mouth feels sore, or dust it with powdered starch mixed with oxide of zinc. Remember that this paste is to be used directly it is made, as it rapidly spoils."

"Many thanks," said Cecily gratefully, "I will have it made up at the chemist's and try it at once."

#### The Only Efficacious Plan.

"Frankly," replied Mrs. Templer, "though I have given you one of the best depilatories, I do not advocate its use. Even though it may not injure your skin, and I have known cases where the mixture left little red scars, the hairs return in a comparatively short time. I know of only one cure for the removal of superfluous hairs."

"And that is?" inquired Belinda, who had noticed Cecily's expression changed to one of despondency.

"Their removal by the electric needle, electrolysis, as the process is called," said Mrs. Templer. "This operation is not painful if performed by an expert, but I have known women to suffer agony by going to an incompetent and unqualified person. About thirty hairs can be removed in the course of half an hour, and the root of the hair should be absolutely destroyed."

"Yes, I see you are right," she said after a second's pause. "I will take your advice and go to a qualified expert."

(To be continued.)

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Motorists should never be without

**MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE.**

## SOULS ADRIFT.

(Continued from page 11.)

down into the pleading, upturned face, the truth in the words, and the earnestness of the appeal.

"What a brute I am!" he cried almost roughly. "What a brute I have been!"

"Oh, no, Jack," Kitty resented the exclamation. "You have nothing to blame yourself for, nothing at all. You could not help it, no man is master of his own heart. Don't let me blame you, dear, or that I ever shall blame you, but—" she nestled closer to him, and her hand stole timidly into his; the action was very natural and womanly—"but, whatever happens," she went on, "even if we don't marry, you will keep a little place in your heart for me, Jack? I should be happier—oh, so much happier, if I thought you would do that."

"I will—I swear—I will," he cried. "You are a dear, sweet girl, Kitty, and you've made a martyr of yourself for my sake. I must have been blind all this time." He spoke hoarsely, for this revelation of Kitty's true feelings had surprised and hurt him. He bowed his head, longing at that moment to be able to return love for love, but conscious of the absolute futility of such a wish. "Oh, the inherent cruelty of things," he groaned. "Oh, how I wish, Kitty, that Cecilia had never come into my life, for then there would have been no need for you to have deceived me, there would never have been a shadow between us. But—" he turned to her and looked at her with a sad, pleading gaze. "I can't conceal things from you, even if I wished to do so, but I am sure," it was his turn to falter now, "that the love I bear you will grow and ripen: 'Tis a very true love, too, Kitty, for, before Cecilia came into my life, there was no woman in the world for me but you. There was no woman—there was only a dream. Cecilia must remain a dream. I shall try and think only of the face I saw in the picture, not of the living, breathing woman. And you, Kitty, you shall teach me to love even as you yourself love."

For a little while longer they sat and talked, and when they rose to continue their way to the house, it was decided that the date of their marriage should be forthwith announced.

"We will go straight back and tell them," Jack said as he assisted Kitty to rise to her feet. "They'll be very happy, Kitty, and I believe—yes, I feel sure, that the knowledge of your real love will make me happier, too. It will give me some-

thing to live for, it will make me try to be worthy of you."

The two young people were silent as they continued their way, Jack lost in his own thoughts, Kitty's heart beating almost painfully with a new-found happiness. She was glad that she had confessed, though the confession had been wrong from her. To love, and to conceal the fact even after marriage, it was to this that she had been condemning herself, but the whole position was unnatural, the truth was bound to light sooner or later. It seemed as if a great weight had been taken from her mind. She felt the desire to run, to sing, to laugh. She felt like the Kitty of six months ago. She would win Jack's love, even if it was not hers now. Cecilia was a dream, Jack himself had said so, and a dream can be dissipated by the actual presence of a woman who loves.

They came to the house, turning away from the cliff into the road which led past the gate of Valetta. A boy had just alighted from his bicycle at the gate.

"It's a telegram," said Kitty. A presage of evil came upon her as she spoke the words. Jack ran forward and took the telegram from the boy. It was addressed to him. He held it for a moment unopened in his hand, a puzzled expression upon his face.

"Who should wire to me here?" he muttered. He hardly liked to tear the flap of the envelope; a dim foreboding had come upon him also. He felt inclined to thrust the telegram into his pocket, to leave it unread, at least for the present, but he mastered himself. Standing there at the gate he read the message.

It was from Cecilia. She had telegraphed to

Valetta, judging rightly that her message would be more quickly reach Jack.

"I want you to come to me." Such were the words of the telegram. "I want your help."

Jack crunched the paper in his hands, and turned to the boy who had brought the message.

"There's no reply," he said curtly.

Kitty pale, and intuitively guessing from whom the telegram came, stepped up to Jack and loosened his fingers from about the crumpled paper.

"What is it, Jack?" she whispered. "You must tell me, dear, I have a right to know."

He allowed her to take the telegram. Had he had time for thought he would not have done so, but he was agitated and troubled, and scarcely knew what he did.

You noticed, I gave no answer." He took a sob in her throat, but outwardly she seemed calm.

"I don't know what it means," he faltered. "I never expected to hear from her again. You know that, Kitty. I promised that I would not try to see her, and I have kept my promise. I shall not go."

"She wants your help," said the girl slowly.

"Jack, you must go."

"No, no," he cried, "it's impossible, Kitty, I must not. After what has passed between us this afternoon, I dare not. Don't you understand?"

—He turned upon her almost fiercely—"I dare not."

"You must go, Jack," she repeated, trying to smile and speak cheerfully. "Why, it's just this that I wanted, so as to make sure, quite sure of you. The date of our marriage has not been settled yet, and this will decide whether it shall ever be settled. Go to Cecilia, Jack; if you return to me I shall know that she is indeed but a dream to you, and that I am more than I have ever been. Let it be the best. Jack, I want you to go."

Again and again he refused, but she persisted gently, and in the end he yielded.

"I will go, Kitty," he said; "and it shall be as you say. It shall be a test of my strength. I will see Cecilia, and I will return to you. Yes, Kitty, I will return."

There was a smile on her lips, but tears in her eyes, tears which in the gathering twilight he could not see; as she replied bravely, "Yes, Jack, I know that you will return."

But in her heart she doubted.

(To be continued.)

## A New Story

of thrilling interest  
will begin shortly in  
the "Daily Mirror."

WATCH FOR IT.



Swansea have gone through their fixture list without a defeat, and at the close of their match yesterday with Cardiff, the Galesians at Swansea, in which they defeated the latter by 23 points to nil, there was a great scene of enthusiasm on the part of the 15,000 spectators present. Gordon, the Swansea captain, who scored two tries and kicked the goal, was carried shoulder high round the ground.







